

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





•

.

' o

•

.

PLEASURE PATHS

OF

TRAVEL.

BY

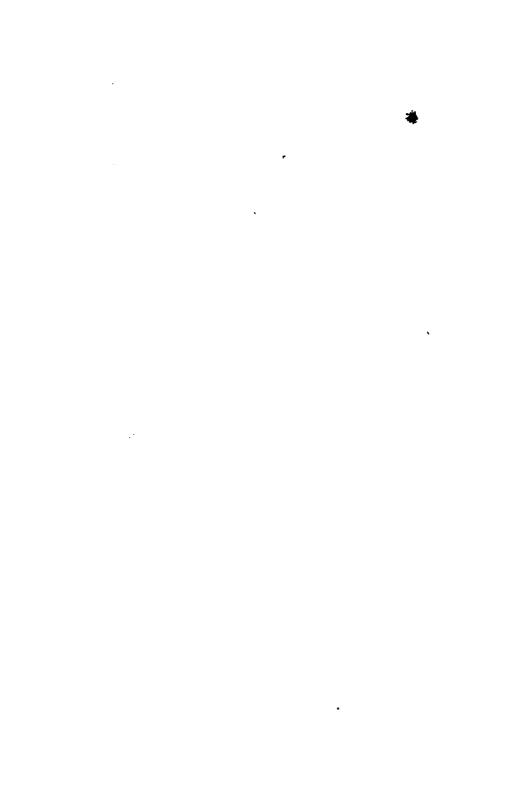
EDWARD FOX, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "POETICAL TENTATIVES."

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, PUBLISHER, 30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE. 1857.

203. b. 127.



PREFACE.

This work may seem from its title to be a book of travels; which it is to a considerable extent; but although some of its descriptions of scenery and of character were sketched on the spot, and although the first chapter, or introductory narrative, is strictly correct in all its details, yet a few of the scenes in other parts of the work, which are intended to illustrate the

habits and manners of various countries, have received additions which, without making them less real, may bring their occurrences somewhat more vividly before the reader.

THE COURT, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET,

March, 1857.

CONTENTS.

WHY AND WHITHER?			Page
WILL AND WHILEBEL		•	
THE CUSTOM HOUSE	•		37
THE COFFEE-HOUSES OF ROME .		•	55
THE ARTIST IN THE MARKET-PLACI	3.		85
PAINTINGS			101
ALBANO			115
FRASCATI AND TIVOLI			125
THE COLISEUM			147
FAREWELL TO ROME			155
COMPANIONS IN TRAVEL .			167
FLORENCE			177
VALLOMBROSA			185
ROVING			203

	ı	J	,	
٧	ı	١		

CONTENTS.

THE PASS AT NIGHT			219
LA CROIX BLANCHE		•	231
THE TABLE D'HÔTE AT Z			241
THE TYROL			259
THE GREAT NORTHERN ROAD .	•		269
DOWN THE DANUBE AND PRAGUE			289
THE TABLE D'HÔTE AT BERLIN	•		301
THE STUDENTS' DINNER		•	313
THE LAST CHAPTER	_		333

THE

PLEASURE-PATHS OF TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I.

WHY AND WHITHER?

THERE are so many ways of travel, so many reasons for travelling, and so many places to travel to, that it is not always easy, at the beginning of one's journey, to answer the question—Why and Whither? Some people think that no one can answer satisfactorily the why? of travel, and that it is far wiser to stay peaceably at home, always walking along the same road, always rehearsing the same people and things, and always brooding over the same subjects.





by his seeming so much out of it. He may look very homish, without appearing exactly at home where he now is. He may treat his journey as such a thing of course, that this of itself rather increases our own surprise. He may be so young or so old, so healthy or so ill, so rich or so poor—so different, in short, in some way from what in that particular spot we should have expected any one to be, that the more we think about it the more we are puzzled as to the reasons we can assign for having found him just where he now is.

To illustrate our meaning, we remember that after leaving Pesth, a place very little overmon with Englishmen, and on our way from that
mind to Prague, just where the two countries
thingary and Bohemia meet, we had to leave one
tonin, and take a seat in another. We had not,
the than day at least, seen one thorough specimen
of the Anglo Saxon, and not even one in disgains, that is to say with beard and blouse, or

with what is the most unusual disguise amongst Englishmen, a good foreign accent. But now, again, on entering a railway carriage, we saw before us a very correct and tame specimen of the British Lion sitting at ease, and yet with some degree of stiffness, on the farthest seat, with a Bradshaw in one hand and a repeater in the other, and looking altogether a fitting representative of the Great Western or London and Birmingham just about to start.

This gentleman indeed, in his black suit, and with his thoroughly quiet, satisfied railway air and English country-gentleman aplomb, made us feel as if there must be some mistake, and that we had been dreaming about Hungary and Bohemia, whilst we were in reality not very far from more familiar localities. Our curiosity also was excited as to what could have induced our fellow-traveller, who had still so much of the mother country about him, to undertake a journey to Bohemia quite alone, and without any particular object in view. This, indeed, always remained

a pleasant mystery; for though the gentleman beside us made no secret of what county he came from, or of what were his home pursuits and avocations, yet the question of why we found him on that precise spot was too delicate a one ever to be mooted.

The incident we have just alluded to may serve to show in what way one's curiosity is sometimes aroused about the particular character of the people one meets with, and to excuse us for satisfying the possible interest of our readers in learning our own reasons for undertaking a foreign tour. A few months, or but a year at most, before we commenced it, we should have considered it sheer madness in any one to attempt to draw us away from the pursuits in which we were engaged, and which consisted chiefly in rendering Latin and Greek into English, and English into Latin and Greek, and in making private researches, and listening to the arguments of public teachers on the question of how far Livy was a master of early Roman

history, or in what respect his account might be looked upon as mythical or allegorical. These studies were of the deepest and most absorbing interest to us, not the less so that they were to lay the foundation of our future career; but whilst thus diligently engaged, we found in our hands one day a half sheet of note paper, which did not appear to contain any comments upon Livy, nor yet any private communications from friends at a distance, but which was covered with mysterious characters hard to be deciphered even by a student of the classics, and which, with sorrow, we were obliged to recognize as a Doctor's prescription.

Livy, Niebuhr, Thucydides, and Grote, all were laid aside, and we sat back, holding up this eventful half sheet of note paper, and wondering what the consequences would be if we disregarded its warning. Never was there a question in philosophy more difficult of solution; were our treasured pursuits to be abandoned—our sacred hours to be abridged? were we to feel no longer

that every one of our minutes was duly and distinctly employed? and yet with proper care, this sacrifice would not have been required. Only a year or two before this time, bodily and mental health had gone together; we were able to ride or walk any distance, and to read or write for any length of time; but the former pursuits had been lately too little regarded, whilst the latter had engrossed us too much; so we took counsel with the little scrap of paper before us, and resolved to adopt active measures for recovering that strength which we had lost, in order to return on some future day with fresh vigour and interest to the studious pursuits which were the delight of our life.

And now whither should we go to change the scene, change our thoughts, and yet to continue acquiring some kinds of knowledge? It seemed to us, that for its climate, its poetry, its painting, its traditions, we ought first to visit the south, and see the classic land, the land of flowers, of art, of sunshine, and of song.

There were, indeed, other countries besides Italy, enjoying the same bright skies and gentle breezes, to which our course might have led us; but in them the classic renown was wanting; in them there was neither a past nor a present worthy of regard; so Italy, the land of our dreams, was to be also that of our realities, and for it we were bound. But that ancient Italy, which we had so long thought of, was far more accessible in books than to us, in the state of health we were in, modern Italy could be in reality; besides which, it was March, and a colder March than usual, when we first tried to reach it, and the wind was wintry and piercing which blew over the plains of Normandy, and which followed us with its bitter touch to the borders of Provence.

We spent a few days in Paris; and then, with a friend who was about to accompany us as far as Rome, found ourself on the direct road to the south. In Paris we had suffered from cold, and on the Rhone steamer were sunk down with illness; but Marseilles was reached, and the soft islands of the Mediterranean smiled upon us, bright as our brightest fancies had ever pourtrayed them. A balmy breeze played around us, whilst the sea was calm and joyous; and we soon stood on the deck of the steamer which was to bear us to the land of promise. On our way we had already seen one of its inhabitants; for in the boat with us was a tall man, with rather finely marked. but somewhat pallid features, who wore a long light-brown frock, with a girdle round his waist, and a hood over his head, and who belonged to some Italian convent. His appearance was more picturesque than pleasing - his figure would have looked well on canvas; but in his manner. refinement and dignity were somewhat wanting.

But the steamer was reached—the steamer which (weak as we were) had been an object of no small apprehension to us; but the genial air had taken a firm hold on our feelings; and even the rolling of the sea, when we got some way on

our voyage, and the confined berth, and the unusual length of the passage to Genoa, did not again renew our former sufferings.

And now the harbour of Genoa was our restingplace, and the blue mountains towered high above the blue waves around us, whilst along the steep hill, on which the city is built, were ranged houses, palaces, and forts, keenly glittering in the morning sun. We were now floating on the waters of Italy, and this was one of the cities of our dreams. Was it at all like what we had hoped for? Yes, much of our dream was realized. The sweet air whispering to us of something still beyond—the bright blue wave reminding us of many a stirring line of poet and historian; and everything that was touched by the sun—rock, palace-wall, white fort, and blue mountain, wore a smile of life and gladness.

We landed—and landing at Genoa does certainly dissipate the pleasant fancy for a time; for bales of goods, and casks of olive oil, dirty warehouses, and lofty, gloomy-looking buildings devoted to all imaginable objects and professions, greet the traveller on his first making a nearer acquaintance with the city. Then, instead of following our infallible red guide—as we would certainly recommend all travellers suffering from illness, and doubtful whither they should betake themselves, to do-we left this accommodating friend for once, and went off by ourselves, of course without gaining anything by it; for we got into an inn where everything seemed to be in confusion, and where what was brought us was not of the most exquisite quality; whilst the men-waiters spoke horrible French, and the men-chambermaids none at all. Nevertheless, we were, perhaps, more nationally and characteristically provided for, than if we had obeyed Murray to the letter; and even as a traveller in England must not expect to be so well served at a thoroughly English inn, if, instead of a mutton chop, he should order salad and an omelette, so at a thoroughly Italian inn he must expect indifferent fare, if, instead of the said salad and omelette, he should order a mutton chop. Invalids, however, are apt to be rather nice in their tastes, and to cling to home peculiarities; so we succeeded at last, by great marshalling of all the attendants of the house, and after the chambermaid had put his head in several times instead of the waiter, and the waiter instead of the chambermaid, to have something prepared for breakfast, which suited our delicate digestion.

We had time to look about us in Genoa, and no cause to complain of our detention. It does not, indeed, suit our English ideas, that a passenger steamer should wait a whole day in a harbour, without proceeding on its direct voyage; still less does it suit our views of things that the said vessel should be detained for two days on account of one being a saint's day, and therefore a holiday. But such customs agree with the religion, if not with the genius of the south—so they continue, from year to year, the same, and we British travellers mark them down in our note books, and bring them back

with us as warnings to those who should wish to imitate them nearer home. Laziness forms a part of the morals of some lands, but fortunately it has not found a place in those of old England.

Nevertheless, on the present occasion, as we wished to visit the city, we were not in the least inclined to quarrel with the system of using passenger boats as goods boats also, and of taking an unreasonably long time in loading and discharging their merchandise. After breakfast we began to stroll about the streets, not with the intention of seeing Genoa as it ought to be seen, for we knew there was not time for that, but with the view of at least getting some general idea of the characteristics of the glorious place. We entered several churches, and looked at them with as much astonishment as if some unreal fairy scene had suddenly opened before us; for the richness and beautiful colour of their marble columns and walls, gave them almost the appearance of palaces built by some fantastic and magnificent prince,

instead of temples in which all the citizens of the land might meet together. They have not, indeed, the solemn, tranquillizing air of our English churches, or of the churches of Normandy or Flanders; they do not look as if built for religion, apart from its forms and gildings, or as if in them the heart would be most inclined to worship: still they are very lovely—very striking, and not unsuitable, even as churches, to the bright clime, to the rich tints of nature around them.

We visited little this time in Genoa, except its churches and streets; but amongst the latter there was the via Balbi, of which we had heard so much, shining out before us in all its beautiful proportions; not a wide, grand street, but a perfect one in the symmetry of its dwellings. After some hours spent in the city, we took ponies, and rode up the hill on which Genoa is built—and what a view we beheld! It was gorgeous dreamland—all so tranquil and unbroken, that it might well have been a dream.

What we saw was so perfectly beautiful and bright, and calm, that it could not but give one atirring hopes for the fresh Italy which behind those mountain walls of Genoa, and above those free waters, is rising out of its tomb into the sunlight. Far away stretched the waters—far around rose the hills, and between blue wave and mountain-top lay that grand old city, the gate, as it were, of Italy—let us hope its guardian and defender also.

We reached Leghorn in such very good time, that we had to wait there for two days before our steamer could proceed, one day being a discharging and loading, another a saint's day. Whether the saint's day occurred before or after the discharging and loading one, we cannot say; all we knew was, that being added together, they made a sum total that detained us very considerably.

Fortunately, the holiday was not kept on hard as well as on sea, so our fellow-traveller and cusself were able to take the train for Flurence, which suited the plans of the former, as he expected shortly to return to England by sea to Genoa, and thence across the Alps.

We were amused to notice the looks of curiosity thrown at us as we sat in one corner of the railway carriage, with a note-book in our hand, whilst, as some gendarme passed and watched us pencilling away, he cast very suspicious glances towards those tablets, which are not much in use where freedom of the press is unknown.

But although in this, our first Italian railway ride, we experienced considerable enjoyment from the warmth of the climate, and the novelty of some of the scenes around us, yet we did have some uncomfortable feeling, from a certainty that our passports had not the proper visé. And a view of the leaning tower of Pisa, even, would hardly have made up for our slight doubt as to whether we should be able to enter Florence, if it had not been that we were tolerable disposed to take things as they came, and not trouble our-

selves much about anything, confident of personal security, and of our being able to regain the steamer, if we lost our chance of admission within the walls of the grand ducal city.

Notwithstanding the irregularity of our passports, we were admitted within these walls after a few formalities, and soon found ourselves in a hotel, and in some rooms of that hotel, which gave us a very favourable impression of the accommodation we should find in the large towns of Italy. There was no lack of carpets, nor of easy chairs, nor of comfortable beds; and though to a traveller, sound in wind and limb, such comforts are of little consequence when he is once in a travelling humour, yet to one who, like ourself, was but just recovering from a severe attack of illness, there was something very satisfactory not only in enjoying these things at the time, but also in looking forward to their possible recurrence.

But we must not forget to introduce our readers to beautiful Florence, instead of keeping them seated in easy-chairs, with their feet on rush-stuffed carpets.

This is the Arno: let us look up and down at its bridges and at its streets on either hand, and then let us stroll on towards the cathedral, past the old palace of justice, or Palazzo Vecchio, a place memorable for many a bloody tragedy, its massive walls having served for concealment and defence in the days of the Florentine Republic.

There stands Michael Angelo's David in front of this old palace, looking like the creation of genius in a new world of men and things, which could grasp at something higher and nobler than the petty strifes which the walls of the Vecchio once witnessed. And now the cathedral is before us, and the slender campanile or bell-tower, built of marbles of various colours, a construction separate from the church itself.

The cathedral is covered partly with marble, and is a grand, sunny-looking edifice, but what strange and bare appearance. The cupola of this cathedral is a glorious mark for the sunlight, and is the largest dome ever built. Michael Angelo thus apostrophised it when he was taking it as his model for the dome of St. Peter's: "I will not imitate, but I cannot surpass thee!"

A general view of the cathedral was all we could now enjoy, and then we walked along the arcade in which the statues of Dante and other heroes of former time bear silent witness to the past of a city which has for a time lost its greatness. This is, by the way, one of the boasts of Italy, that in their public places, in their arcades, at the doors of their palaces, they instruct the eye and renovate the mind with works of art, which in other countries would probably be found in dark rooms or cold galleries, to be got at only through smoky squares or retired streets.

In Italy sunlight and beauty go together; in

Italy, also, notwithstanding the bloody struggles of the past, much was done in times of contention, but also of life and independence, towards perfecting those glorious works of the mind by which the south has so often crowned itself with laurel.

We saw the outside only of the Pitti palace, not having time then to go through its galleries of paintings; and on the day after we had reached Florence, prepared to leave it again, though with the expectation, in our own case, of soon returning to it.

But it was one thing to decide on leaving Florence, and a very different matter really to leave_it.

We had now to pay a penalty for our enjoyment; and, after being refreshed and delighted with all we had seen, were obliged to confess that churches, palaces, and works of art, and even the rich sunlight over cathedral dome, and blue mountain and river, were hardly enough to compensate us for the petty annoyances of travel under a despotic government. We had decided on starting from Florence, in time to catch the steamer which was to proceed that night to Civita Vecchia; but never were travellers' plans destined to be less certain.

First of all, whilst we are congratulating ourselves on our agreeable detention, on all the beauties of Florence, on the Arno flowing under our windows, and on our comfortable uarters, which have such a home look about them, the Commissionaire goes off at a trot to get our passports ready for leaving Florence.

Powerless Commissionaire! what an abashed look you wear on your return; for you cannot get a visé for going out, because there was unfortunately no visé before coming in; and the luckless individuals now standing before you, supplicating you to do something for them, and anticipating loss of time, loss of passage money, and other inconveniences and disasters, must fain go themselves, in order to persuade the employés that they are not emissaries of

Mazzini or recruiting officers of Garibaldi, or gun-makers of Manin.

We go to the passport office, and a pale, squalid, smoke-dried individual, who looks as if the force of the sun and the want of air, and the fumes of his pipe, had all combined to make him lean and miserable, informs us, with a majestic air, that we cannot quit Florence in half-an-hour, as we say we must, because our passports are irregular.

Can anything be more provoking, and lamentable, than the smoke-dried gravity of that official individual, as he looks at us a Medes and Persians' negative? nevertheless, it is fortunate for us that we first saw the light in a land where people are very apt to do those things which they once make up their mind to do, especially when time and money are at stake; and though our character as Englishmen probably makes the important official still more imperious, yet we are resolved that in the long run it shall do us some good; so we enquire for a higher

official; assure him that we are not emissaries, recruiting officers, or gun-makers; but that we are quiet, homely, inoffensive Englishmen, who, whatever we may think, are quite willing, unless our time should come, side by side with our own countrymen, to let the gran duca remain in undisturbed possession of his grand ducal throne.

Besides, if we were dangerous characters, if we were suspicious, desperate-looking fellows, would it not have been better to make a present of us to the Pope, than to keep us in the grand ducal country?

These last observations, be it said, were not addressed aloud to the gentleman who was to give us our passports. Had they been, he would not, perhaps, have provided us so politely with the means of reaching our destination. But now we were on the right road, we could leave Florence at train time, we could catch the steamer, and then hurrah for old Rome!

We reached Leghorn, passed through the

custom-house, to which we have afterwards devoted a distinct chapter, and then were on our way to Rome.

We drove along near the sea, amongst green, broken headlands, something like those which run down to the bays of Jersey; after which we entered quiet lanes, with hedges and trees on either side, so like England, that it was almost impossible to believe that we were in Italy; but, finally, we came out on the open Campagna, whilst its low hills, covered with verdure, were rising and falling far and wide around us.

Then some one said—"Look before you." We did so; and could see a dome rising over one of the green hills, at a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. That was all; but that was St. Peter's. We drove on, and reached the gates of Rome, passed the Castle of St. Angelo, crossed its bridge, and were, at the close of day, safely lodged in a Roman hotel.

It is curious to remember, when one is again

quietly seated by one's own fireside, looking away perhaps up to some village church, which alone gives life to the landscape, or listening to the onely wind as it roams to and fro amongst the branches, or if one is wandering even amongst the crowded marts of commerce,—it is curious to remember what were one's sensations on first entering the Eternal City; though not so much on first entering it, as on first wandering about it, and looking up to some of the massive walls of its old temples, built into modern houses of a far less imposing character; and again on crossing its new squares, which have all the freshness of to-day about them; and afterwards on looking down on the Tiber as it glides along, thick and discoloured, under the bridges; and standing where once, many ages ago, Horatius in all his glory stood alone against a host,

"Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind,

- 'Down with him!' cried false Sextus, With a smile on his pale face.
- 'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsenna,
 - · ' Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsenna,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home!
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

'Oh Tiber! father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray;
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide."

Macaulay has sung in these lines not simply the river called the Tiber as it is now seen by every tourist, and by some of most unclassical tastes, who having time, money, and a disposition for seeing the world at their command, choose to go to Rome, and look upon it, simply, as a place upon the line of travel so many days distant from Marseilles, so many from Genoa, &c., and who would quietly consult their Bradshaw, if at a Railway Station they heard the cry of "Rome," and would be much more pleased with the quiet, old city, if there were omnibuses driving about its streets, and if there were penny steamers on its river; to these persons, some of them highly intelligent individuals, but who have not much imagination or taste for the fine arts or historical knowledge, the Tiber is but what it seems to be, a narrow and rather dirty stream, running along between houses. But in the lay, from which we have quoted, a different idea is given of the Tiber; it is no longer the mere stream to be passed by a convenient bridge, and not particularly useful for purposes of traffic,—no, it is the guardian of Rome, the protector of the city, it is the flood which has often kept off its enemies. On one side stand the citizens of Rome, on the other the hosts of Tuscany; and the two cannot meet, because that Tiber which, insignificant as it may now appear to be, was, nevertheless, broad enough to prevent an army from once passing it, and to give a man in his harness no small struggle ere he could stem its tide, rolls dark between them. Such was the Tiber of old; such it is still for those who see it by the light of history.

Besides, who can say what glorious future may not yet be in reserve for that dark eager stream?

May there not in future years be another Rome of thought, beauty, and freedom built up around it? May there not be a gathering of the clans of the south, on that very Tiber?—an event which, if it should happen, will make even the most careless traveller ask if the river he now beholds is the Tiber, in earnest and reflective tones.

"It is indeed the Tiber," may then be the reply; "and whilst from the shores of the Thames you govern either by your language, arms, or commerce, worlds new to man, or new to civilization, we from the banks of this renowned river seek again to rule the old, to call up past memories around us, giving them fresh life, and to make Italy worthy of Rome, as well as Rome worthy of Italy."

But the Tiber is crossed, we have passed under the fort of Saint Angelo, and have reached the great square with its fountains, and Saint Peter's stands before us.

And is this the same Saint Peter's whose dome we saw from afar off as we approached the city? Is this the lofty cathedral which reigns over the wide Campagna, and which from the neighbouring Pincian looks like a mountain of stone, when the violet vapours of morn wreathe themselves around it, half concealing, half revealing its mighty crest? This is Saint Peter's, and the portico is graceful and

pleasing, but it conceals the dome, conceals the height above it, and shows us only the approach to the real edifice.

But when the heavy doors have been thrust open, and you are inside the Cathedral, then the vastness of its creation is fully realised. It is true that all is not in perfect harmony, but the height and beauty of the columns, the immensity of space around you, and the sublime effect of Michael Angelo's dome; all these things leave you trying, but finding it almost impossible, to understand how it was, under what circumstances, and by whom, that so glorious a church could have been raised.

Next to Saint Peter's is the Vatican, a palace which does much more honour to the Popes than the church at its side; for its beautiful stair-cases, chapels, and halls, its library and its museum with old Rome transferred to it, and some of the best works of the middle ages also, all these collections are the result of the taste,

the pride, and the intelligence of some of those Popes, who did more for art than they did for religion.

From Rome of the Popes, we may pass to Rome of the Consuls and Emperors. Of this but little is now left; though and here there are the remains of a temple or a forum, and some of the most interesting relics still exist; but these form altogether a very small portion of Modern Rome, which seems to consist chiefly of squares and churches.

Nevertheless, the Forum may still represent ancient Rome. It is beyond the streets, beyond the Capitol, and gives its name to a long open space reaching to the Coliseum, along which are still standing columns of various orders.

Amongst the relics of temples especially to be noticed are three beautiful columns of the Corinthian order, called the temple of Jupiter Stator, though it seems now to be thought that they did not belong to this temple, but to a building intended for the reception of ambassadors.

Across the road leading through the Forum stand two triumphal arches, those of Septimus Severus; and of Titus, the latter is especially interesting from the bas reliefs upon it, which represent the triumph of Titus and procession of the captive Jews after the son of Vespasian had taken Jerusalem.

But we have passed the Capitol, and if we return to, and ascend it, we shall have a complete view of the temples and arches of the Forum, and of the Coliseum beyond. The Museum of the Capitol also contains a rich store of works of art; amongst others, Venus rising from her bath, a figure of complete roundness and beauty. Also the Dying Gladiator, which seemed to us to pourtray rather the death of a brave young warrior fighting for his country, than the last sufferings of the slave.

From the Capitol you look not only down the Forum, but also over the great plain crossed by the ruins of mighty viaducts, on to the Sabine and Alban Hills, amongst which the orators, statesmen, and poets of Rome, such as Cicero, Mæcenas, and Horace, had once their country villas, and lived for awhile in complete enjoyment of that calm clime and of those lovely scenes which led them to philosophy and poetry, in the same way as the neighbouring city, with all its contentions, turmoils and ambitions, led them to active eloquence, to stirring deeds, or sometimes to petty strifes and animosities.

From the Capitol you can realise Rome; you look behind you over its churches, you look before you over its temples; you stand on one of the most famous sites of its history, and you see, not far off, the most retired haunts of its great men of long ago. You should go, therefore, to Saint Peter's, to the Vatican, to the Forum, to the Capitol, soon after your arrival in Rome, and take them all in at one glance.

After this first survey, you may return to

your rooms, and if you have time, as you ought to have, may collect your books around you; saunter hither and thither; become thoroughly acquainted with some especial works of art and some especial relics of the past, making these last the object of chance excursions, and then, by degrees, you will familiarise yourself with Rome, and will gain an insight also into its modern appearance and its everyday life, to which we shall devote most of the succeeding chapters upon it; for, as our object in seeing Rome was not only to become acquainted with those places which history had told us of, or with those works of art which we had often heard described, but also to refresh our mind and body by habits, manners, and scenes, striking and novel: so we must lead our readers on the same path, and endeavour to bring before them some of those events and characteristics which made Italy, for us, full of "the Pleasure-paths of Travel."

	,		

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

	•	
	·	
	•	

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

ENGLISHMEN are far too often very deficient in their knowledge of foreign languages. In too many cases they go abroad even for a lengthened tour, knowing nothing of German but the name, understanding a little French only, and speaking it very badly; whilst the simplest Italian phrase is also a dead letter to them.

But though the ignorance of languages is not the only fault of which the travelling Englishman may be accused, as reserve and pride often prevent him from returning home a wiser man than he went, yet there are occasions, and those very frequently occurring, in which this want of words, and this reserve and silence, has its advantages.

The Custom-House is an instance of this, and we may say a very flagrant one; for in the midst of all the searching, scrutinizing, and planning that goes on when your trunks are being hauled over, the best language—better than French, or German, or Italian—is silence!

What can you do when a perverse man will look amongst your neatly folded shirts for a copy of Mazzini's proclamation, which you may probably have never seen even in the papers; or when another expects to find loose packets of cigars in the midst of kid gloves and white pocket handkerchiefs? What use is it to say, with a look of entreaty, as you see a particular dress-shirt that you have brought all the way with you unused and unruffled, crushed and crumpled,—what use is it to lean forward with a look of entreaty, and vociferate in your gentlest

voice, "Monsieur il n'y a rien là, la chemise sera gatée, prenez garde je vous prie aux plis."

It is all useless, for the deaf and dumb slave of the custom-house either exhibits the white garment held up to public view between his finger and thumb, thinking from your anxiety that there must be some concealment about it, or else pulls it carelessly over, destroying at a blow the edifice of starch which your washerwoman in England had so carefully constructed.

The pocket-handkerchiefs, too, and the gloves and the collars, all are in a tumble; but a word from you, either spoken too humbly or too arrogantly, will only make matters worse; so it is better quietly to pocket the affront, to preserve your gravity, if it be possible, and to remain silent also.

There is, indeed, one tongue, which is often extremely useful; we need not say what that is, to any one who has attempted to pass the gates of Naples, or has crossed, in some parts, the frontiers of Rome—the words of this lan-

guage are of silver, and its choicest eloquence is of gold; a few florins, in fact, dropped into the hand of a gruff-looking custom-house officer, will very often cause him to become the blandest and most obedient of men, and your linen, and your coats, and all things belonging to you, are saved at once from further examination, and are supposed to be politically and commercially free from stain.

On first landing at Civita Vecchia we had an instance of custom-house authority, and of the wisdom of patience under it which not a little amused us. We had just landed after our voyage, and were desirous of getting through the formalities before us as fast as possible, so as to be able to start easily and quickly for Rome. But time was not of any importance at Civita Vecchia; so we found that we should have to fall into the customs of the place, and take matters easily. Some little while, indeed, elapsed before it would have served any possible purpose even to look after our things

even; and when we did present ourselves with our luggage, there was no rosy, fat-faced official, with a good-humoured smile, to make matters easy for us-no quick-eyed little sprite either, in whose sharpness there might be activity and common sense. No, there stood before us, carelessly as if he had nothing to do, and were merely come to look on, a very lean, sallow, grave young ecclesiastic, with an acidulated expression of countenance, that showed more pride than meekness. We soon, however, began to excuse this novel kind of custom-house officer, for his gravity, when we found that it proceeded from his stupidity, and that he did not really know whether he was doing right or wrong in any of his actions. He was apparently expected to exercise an especial supervision over all books of a wrong tendency,—that is to say, over any, from the classic downwards, which might contain doctrines opposed either to political thraldom or to religious intolerance. We were somewhat amused, therefore, by seeing this discriminating young priest pass over a work which was full of religious controversy-" Reason and Faith!" whilst he stuck hard at a small book with sundry etchings in it, which, even in his complete ignorance of the language, he could hardly, one would have thought, have mistaken for anything but a treatise on architectecture. But it was clear that he was a clever fellow, and determined that we should not introduce any contraband religion in the shape of Ionic columns or Roman arches; and he stayed so long over this one book, that we suspected either that he was perversely stupid, or else that he was endeavouring to perfect himself in an easy manner in his knowledge of the different styles of architecture. We felt much disposed to make him a present of the small work, as a kind of gentlemanly bribe to let the rest through quickly; but second thoughts convinced us that he might take offence at such a proceeding, so we kept silence, and let him go on as he would. Nevertheless it was pretty evident that though this

plan might save us after-trouble, yet that it would not be sufficient to prevent present dilatoriness; and we, and all the other travellers round us, again stood and watched our solemn-looking examiner, whilst he slowly and inquisitorially turned over a pamphlet on the best kinds of draining-tiles, which had by some means found its way into our portmanteau. The draining-tiles, after being carefully examined, were laid aside for still farther search, which distinction they probably owed to their form as a tract, but they were returned to us, before we left the custom-house, and received our especial care afterwards, in memory of this singular transaction.

On the whole, we received pretty civil, though somewhat dilatory treatment from the young ecclesiastic. We were not, it is true, best satisfied to have our time so childishly wasted; but it afforded us an opportunity of seeing to what extent, in such a case, self-satisfied ignorance could be carried.

But though so far fortunate in our own person, yet our sympathy was strongly excited in favour of a fellow-countryman, who received less favourable treatment from the dispenser of custom-house justice. This Englishman came from one of our northern counties; and his broad, muscular form, light complexion, and open, careless look, afforded considerable contrast to the slim little figure and somewhat brooding countenance of the searcher beside him.

This northern gentleman, we believe he was from Yorkshire, was much incensed by what he ealled "The lod's bewitchit obstinacy;" for the "lod," as he styled him, had got hold of a very ancient number of a newspaper, in which a large pair of hobnailed boots had been rather carelessly packed up; and he was looking deliberately over this, and reading it at first upside down to see if he could discover any treason against Church or State in it; and this, indeed, he was not unlikely to do, could his somewhat un English

mind have appreciated all the pith and power of a forcible leader.

"Keep un if thee wants un," was at length sung out by Yorkshire's despairing son; but though the custom-house priest was startled, yet, not understanding the dialect in which he was addressed, he took no notice of the words, and went on with his paper as before.

It was interesting to watch the change of expression which had come over the Englishman's no longer beaming countenance; he ground his teeth together; he clenched his fists; he looked alternately at his fellow-travellers and at his tormentor; but when the latter, after a due examination of the columns, black with something besides printers' ink, laid the boots by themselves, and the paper by itself, reserving the latter for farther consideration; then a look of grim pity and satisfaction crossed the face of Yorkshire, especially as he saw that others also were soberly enjoying the comedy. Nevertheless, he could not quite restrain his impatience,

and, snatching up the boots with one hand, and the newspaper with the other, he rolled up one heavy boot after another as tightly and savagely as he could, before the eyes of the now somewhat astonished "lod."

As a sequel and consequence, however, the effects of this somewhat too demonstrative gentleman were tossed about in the most ruthless manner; and it was well for him that they contained but a very small library, and nothing that could by any possibility be styled contraband. After this vigorous search, the Yorkshireman's effects were to be seen cumbering the floor in all directions, much as if his boxes had fallen off from the top of a coach, and had been burst open in the fall, after He had no dealings, as it appeared, with all. any firebrand, political or religious; so, as he himself expressed it, he was allowed to "graasp" at his things again; and a pretty wide grasp it was, scattered as they were in all directions.

But by this time, his self-possession had returned to him; and with a sneer of contempt at the unfortunate individual who did not understand Yorkshire, he set to work to gather together his effects, and after bundling them in again in a wonderfully short space of time, carried off his heaviest box himself, with a light and easy hand, as if to show what a Yorkshireman could do.

Soon after the Yorkshireman, followed a thoughtful, gentlemanly-looking Italian. We did not see how he got through, but as he came into the inn pretty soon after our own countryman, he had probably not experienced much difficulty.

We questioned him on the subject of the custom-house officer. "The fact is," said he, "that he most likely scarcely knows what to do; he must please the government, must preserve the respectability of his cloth, and must, at the same time, cover his ignorance; how would you have him manage!"

After this, we began to feel a kind of sympathy for the young custom-house priest, forced to do an unpleasant duty, and to think him less stupid even than before. Nevertheless. when we reached Rome, and on opening our boxes, saw shirts, coats, and other articles of our wardrobe, quite lost to all sense of propriety, and in a state, as it were, of the most guilty confusion, whilst "Reason and Faith," and the architectural treatise, and the draining tiles, reminded us vividly of what we had passed through; then, indeed, our wrath returned, and expended itself in terrible resolutions as to the combustibles that. we would surely import, if we had ever the opportunity of paying the States of the Pope a second visit.

For the moralist, indeed, it is easy to draw a quiet lesson from these inconveniences and delays, and absurd errors; but for the traveller, encumbered with luggage, and not knowing whether he shall find a place in the diligence if he should wait in the custom-house, or if he shall

not lose some of his effects in the custom-house if he should go after the diligence, whilst, at the same time, all his cherished property lies scattered about on the not very clean floor; for him there is but one consideration, which is, that custom-houses, when the search is more than nominal, become the greatest annoyances of travel, and every traveller who has had to shift for himself without any willing courier to assist him, must necessarily, we think, be very much inclined to say, "If I was not before, I am now in favour of free commerce;" and it will be well for the government of the Pope if he does not add, "and I think priests ought to keep to their own duties, and popes or grand dukes ought to govern their subjects better, and fear the progress of thought amongst them less."

At the same time we must confess, that great amusement often arises during the scenes at the custom-house; and were we to anticipate at this early stage all that we have seen during the course of our travels in passing from one country to another, we might be able to recount how a custom-house officer has measured off carefully a few yards of flannel, which a lady was carrying amongst her shawls in cold weather; how we have been pursued by a funny little soldier, with loud vociferations, because we had not sufficiently respected his dignity, and had passed on without letting him see what was in our hands; how we have amused ourself by trying the effect of English indifference and stolidity upon Austrian officials, who, either in Italy or in Hungary, were playing the great men, and endeavouring to alarm us by threatened detention; and how we have seen an Englishman of rank and title treated very cavalierly at a custom-house, because, without making himself respected by his manner and address, he assumed, good-natured though he was, a haughty and commanding demeanour, - proclaiming aloud all his titles whilst endeavouring to pass through his difficulties.

We have also watched the face of the Neapolitan custom-house officer, changing rapidly from rudeness to obsequiousness, when a bargain to his mind had been struck. But on the other hand, we have not unfrequently met with kindly, good-natured, smiling, men, who expected no fee or reward, but to whom you had only to address a civil request to get everything into your possession again, after simply an unlocking of bags, and an inspection of what was on the top.

Never was there greater need, therefore, of tact and management, and cosmopolitan manner, than when passing through a custom-house; and however hurried, tired, or annoyed you may be, it is better to seem quiet, fresh, or unconcerned, when you want your boxes and bags to be amongst the first carried out to the train or the diligence.

•			
·			
		•	

THE

COFFEE-HOUSES OF ROME.

	,	
		•
•		
		•

THE COFFEE-HOUSES OF ROME.

It has been well said, that habit makes the nation as well as the man; but whilst in the man, individual habits more often spring from peculiarities of disposition and character, in a nation they frequently arise from particular local causes, which would influence any race that was to settle down on the same spot.

Let us first fancy ourselves, for instance, to be in London on an April evening. What do we see? omnibuses heavily laden, carrying back business men to their families. Pedestrians walking quickly, anxious to return to their warm fire-sides; and here and there, perhaps, a few people who seem disposed to take shelter in a somewhat cold, inhospitable-looking building, with closed doors, and smoky walls and windows, which goes by the name of the American, Asiatic, or some other coffee-house. And if we enter these mysterious buildings, what is the picture which presents itself to us? There is no lively conversation in the room—there are probably no fresh arrivals or departures except from half hour to half hour, and we are very unlikely to see any faces amongst the few seated at solitary tables sipping their apparently not very grateful beverage, which will excite curiosity in our mind, or induce us to look twice at them.

Then, when we have left the great coffeehouse, with its few straggling inhabitants, we find ourselves once more in the cold streets, and any pleasant recollections of our warm cup and newspaper are quickly effaced.

But let us go to Rome on the same April

evening, and saunter a little about the streets, looking for a coffee-house. Here we need not hurry, for the spring air is delicious, and people are walking about in the squares and in the Corso as if it were the middle of summer. Let us follow that party out of the Corso, and see where they will lead us. They turn to the right, and go up the Via Condotti; then there is an open square, with a long flight of steps at one corner of it; the square is the Piazza d'Espagna, or Place of Spain, whilst those steps lead up to the Pincian hill. But see, those whom we have followed are disappearing through an open door in the square; there are many persons going in and coming out; let us pass inside also, for we see that this is a coffee-house, and we shall now have an opportunity of making our observations.

Going up to one of the little tables we call the waiter, and request him to bring us café nera, or black coffee; then we sit down and look about us. The door is open, the warm, soft air of evening steals sweetly in, the fountain is playing its silvery tune in the piazza, and you feel able to rest and enjoy yourself in the most tranquil state of feeling imagin-You may now look back, if you like, over the long course of sea and land that brought you here, and sip your coffee the while, very meditatively, for no one will disturb you; or you may produce your guide book and your notes, mark down what you have seen, and lay out your plans for the morrow-no one will think it odd; or you may, if you prefer it, make a study of the people and things about you, and amuse yourself with noticing, comparing, and noting the various people in your neighbourhood.

This, as we have seen, is the coffee-house of the Piazza d'Espagna, it is also essentially the traveller's coffee-house. It is the place where all the young Murrays—we mean young Englishmen, who travel chiefly to see what the hand-book tells them of—most do congregate. It is a place, also, for old hands, who like the quiet and cleanliness of this coffee-house, to meet and chat together in groups. It is a place to see French uniforms also, whilst Young Italy sometimes comes here to collect fresh ideas, and to rush into wild comedy. Yonder you see a group possessing considerable comeliness of feature, and great length of limb, which they are in vain endeavouring to accommodate to low seats and legs of tables; with what settled quiet looks they contemplate each other, and neither enthusiasm, amusement or disdain, at the present moment at least, ruffle their countenances.

These are English country gentlemen, who have hunted, shot, and dined together many a time in their own county, and who, during their winter in Rome, have been thinking more of the wood-cocks of the Campagna than of the pictures of the Vatican. They have adopted, at least, one habit of this country; they like the coffee-house—it is a pleasant place to meet

in of an evening, cheerful and quiet, but they have not forgotten home ways. Their general appearance is neatness itself; their conversation is measured and idiomatic, their manners are quite free from impulse and eagerness.

At the table opposite is a different sort of group—amongst these there is more laughter, but it is subdued—more eagerness, though not too much for good breeding; whilst a good deal of talent also sparkles forth on their somewhat excitable faces.—They are dressed in uniform, and are French officers.

But look yonder!—look at that corner at the other end of the room—them are two persons there — with long beards not very carefully combed out—with little caps upon their heads, that look as if they had been a great many times second-hand, and with clothes which seem like air-balloons all over them. What nation they belong to it would be quite impossible for even an American to guess without hearing what lan-

guage they are speaking. They may be Frenchmen—why not? They certainly have something of the appearance of the lower class of traders at Marseilles. They may be Greeks; that Greek we saw on the steamer was very much like them in appearance, only he was a trifle darker, and also more shrewd-looking.

We have also seen a good many Germans quite as dark as that pair; and the Bavarian baron we met on a former journey, near Coblentz, was not at all better dressed, and did not look cleaner either than those men, only we doubt if he had at his command as much lively conversation as they appear to have.

Well, it is no use speculating. Why may they not be John Bulls at last? Why not? The idea is perfectly absurd. Whatever they are, they can't be Englishmen, so that thought is scouted. Never mind! let us amuse ourself by watching them without deciding their nationality, and for aught we know they may be Russian Jews from St. Petersburgh. Indeed it

is not of the least consequence what language they speak, or in what country they were born; for look at those singular gesticulations—they are a language of themselves, and we perfectly understand the general feelings which are banded across between the two cosmopolitans. Yes, look well at their faces growing red and pale alternately, through beard and moustache, under the excitement of debate. And notice their hands: two Englishmen, if they differed, could hardly get their fists into such close contact without a set-to. But they are talking to each other individually, as a lecturer or a preacher, when very much roused, sometimes talks to his audience. Arms and hands are going; and you see all the points of the discussion marked by separate gesticulations.

They reason powerfully with their hands the whole of Whately's logic is in that movement of the forefinger—nothing could be possibly more convincing; but unfortunately the opponent is not yet convinced, and brings his own forefinger into action on a somewhat different system, with quite as much vigour as his vis-à-vis has previously done.

A fine study for an artist would be the action and gestures of those two men. They have rather good features also; but their faces do not look as if their possessors had lately been living in a hydropathic establishment. Well, you may take your choice of subjects—there are the English squires—you may look at them—and there are the officers of the — regiment de la ligne, you may make them your study, or you may judge of a certain class of Europeans from the two gesticulators, and turn them over quietly in your mind.

But though you see and observe all sorts of men in this coffee-house, yet you cannot, if a stranger, do so without attracting similar observation yourself; for now it is one of those homebred squires who seems quite at ease in his present locality, who has been quietly taking a look at you, and wondering, perhaps, whether you belong to Normandy or to Dorsetshire.

Then, again, that pleasant-looking young officer has been letting his keen eye wander round the room, and has included you in his circle of observation, wishing that you would call the botega or waiter, whilst he is listening, so that he may know whether you speak Italian; and those two men who are talking together with such wild earnestness, even they, when they see a stranger enter, have probably an eye to the dramatic in their performances, and steal a side glance now and then, to notice whether he has observed their excellent manipulations.

But since we have examined the groups, let us look for the solitary ones. There is some one yonder sitting by himself, a stranger apparently, and an observer like ourself. We exchange sympathetic glances with him—the traveller's smile—and he seems to understand

our views of the people about us, whilst we have also fathomed his.

As to what he himself is, it does not need the smoothly shaven face, nor the universal red book before him, to convince us that he is an Englishman; for, look at that quiet air of repressibility so common in John Bull on his wanderings, that is to say, when he is an acute specimen of the species, and has learned, at any rate, to observe, if not to mix with those about him.

Our friend at the other table is what would commonly be called rather a nice, gentlemanly sort of fellow, and if we meet him by-and-bye, during the course of our stroll along the Pincian, and if he remembers us, we may begin, perhaps, to compare notes with him on the people we saw in the coffee-house.

But who is that coming in now, dressed in a short black tunic—a sort of poetical peasant costume—with a high black felt hat over his flowing locks, and with a quiet, refined air and walk, and something distinguished in his general appearance, though his dress resembles that of an Italian countryman?

As yet, you would rather speak English or French, or German, than Italian; and, although the fresh arrival seats himself by you in an easy manner, and looks ready for conversation, yet, as you fancy him some aristocratic kind of peasant, who can, probably, only speak his native tongue, you remain silent and suppress your curiosity.

The stranger shows himself very gentlemanly, for when you say something to the waiter which is more French than Italian, and which he does not understand, he comes to your assistance, and explains, courteously, what you require. But he has finished his coffee and retires, without leaving you time to make any further acquaintance with him.

This you do some days afterwards, through the introduction of a friend: for on first meeting as one of the most intelligent young Englishmen in Rome, you discover him to be the same as your neighbour of the coffeehouse.

But having now paid our respects to the Coffee-House for travellers, and having done so, either in the early morning or in the middle of the day, or late in the evening—for we have been in it at all times, and used to breakfast in it every morning with the friend who accompanied us to Rome—let us now, on the same evening, pass on to another coffee-house of quite a different character, which is in the Via Condotti, close to the Piazza.

This is just the right time to see the Café Greco, which we are now entering. How very dark it is inside, although the streets are still light enough; but clouds of smoke roll through and choke up the coffee house, almost as if the place were on fire. A few forms and faces, however, become visible by degrees, or rather, instead of faces we ought to have said beards

and moustachios, for very little can be seen except masses of variously-coloured hair appearing through the cloud.

The conversation is of quite a different character to that in the other coffee-house; it is more repressed, yet more familiar and easy. Every one seems to have settled down into his right place, and every one seems to be on terms of old acquaintanceship with his neighbour; you feel, in consequence, not only as if you had found your way into a very dark, dirty, over-crowded place, but also as if you had no right to be there, and as if you had invaded the precincts of some society of which you were not a member.

Feeling sure, nevertheless, that this is a public place, a coffee-house—you settle down by degrees, order your coffee, and begin to look about you; and if you know some one amongst the groups around, and he is not at the farthest corner, totally eclipsed by the smoke, he

will probably come over and tell you everything about the people present.

"Yonder," he will say, "is the most eminent sculptor that we English possess in Rome. There, is a celebrated German artist; there, a distinguished German sculptor; whilst yonder, also, is an artist of the modern Italian school, known for this or that beautiful work."

And all these celebrated men you distinguish, by degrees, in the midst of the smoke, beards, and uncleanliness of the Greco. But look at that miserable object just showing himself at the door of the Artists' Coffee House; no one attempts to oppose his entrance, and he goes from table to table, filthy and ragged as he is in the extreme, soliciting alms. Yet this is the coffee-house frequented by some of the most intellectual and well-bred men in Rome, though, strangely enough, it is the dirtiest, closest, and—we will not say the least inviting—but the most repulsive.

Yet for a stranger to come here and study the faces, and learn something of the characters of those whom he meets, is a very easy and amusing way of becoming familiar with the most interesting side of modern Rome.

"Do you see that rather fresh-coloured looking young man opposite?" our friend of the Greco says to us. "A thoroughly English physiognomy, has he not? He comes, I believe, from a sea-coast town in one of our southern counties, and though he has been residing for, perhaps, eight or nine years in Rome, yet he has not in any degree lost the home peculiarities of look or even of manner. He came here at first with his father—I wonder if the old gentleman is in his place to night—no, I don't see him; but he often comes here to talk with Gibson and others, having been formerly a great collector; and without being an artist himself, he has a very good knowledge of

art, and is intimately acquainted with the most eminent men in both branches of art.

"The son came to Rome with his father on a pleasure trip, and to study art as an amateur, and make sketches, in doing which he already excelled. He was quite a man of fashion then, and having plenty of money at his disposal, hardly seemed to think anything good enough for him. He rode the best horses; drank the most expensive wines; and went into circles where he could meet, on intimate terms, the finest women of Italy.

"His father, on the other hand, was always a quiet, unostentatious sort of man,—caring more for pictures than for anything else, and desirous to see his son's talents—which at present did him very little good—employed to some useful purpose. Well, a change came in their fortunes; the father in some way lost a good deal of his property, and the son was in consequence obliged to apply himself to art as a means of obtaining an income. Having pre-

viously had a great taste for it, there were but few difficulties in his way; he applied himself thoroughly to his profession, and instead of being now what he otherwise might have been, a worn-out man of fashion, he has become one of our most promising artists, and is likely to take a very high position when he returns again to England, which he will soon do. In place, too, of wasting, he is said to be rapidly saving a fortune; for his pictures are already highly valued, and his life is a simple and a thoughtful one. You may meet him every morning breathing the fresh air before the day begins, and after that may find him in his studio, hard at work all day; in the evening he often comes to the Greco: thus his life is a very unbroken, but also a very happy one."

The young artist rises just as our friend has finished this description, and we see a healthy-looking, erect, strongly-built man moving slowly away, through the cloud of smoke, out of the Greco.

Another person, of a very different character from the one who has just left, now enters the coffee-house; he does not stop at the entrance and look coolly about him to see who is there, as an Englishman is apt to do, but walks straight down between the tables, and then, taking his seat at the one which he always chooses, orders coffee without interlude or hesitation.

As he enters we cannot but especially notice his well-developed, erect form, and dark, intellectual features, with the true Italian beard and moustache. "He was an officer in the last revolutionary war," our friend says to us; "but he has powerful friends, and so was allowed to remain here, whilst many of his party were sent into exile. He is a true-hearted man, farseeing too: and they say that he distinguished himself as a very dashing officer in some cavalry skirmishes in Lombardy and Tuscany. He once rode at the head of a small party across a hundred miles of country, all more or less occu-

pied by the enemy;—that was after the siege of Ancona.

"He and his little party, some thirty or forty men only, but well mounted and extremely resolute, came upon a large village towards evening; and they heard the sound of the Austrian bugle, and could distinguish a picket of dragoons riding along the road towards them. Our friend opposite saw his danger, and was upon the dragoons before they perceived theirs, taking them prisoners, without loss on either side. Amongst those, too, who were taken, was an Italian soldier; and he offered to lead them safely through the village, which was occupied by more than a hundred of the enemy. In this movement he was successful, for the Austrians had no expectation of meeting with any stray body of Italians in that direction; so as these rode through the village, they could see two or three officers in the village coffee-house, whilst the soldiers were strolling about unconcerned.

"The Italian party swept rapidly on, and though a few shots were fired at them, no harm was done, and they soon got into roads on the other side, along which the heavier horses of the pursuing dragoons could not follow them. You can see, however, even from here, that the Italian has a scar on his cheek, which he received on the same ride, for he had to cut his way at last through a superior body of Austrian horse in close array.

"In this charge a great many of the enemy were killed, and five or six of the Italians; whilst of the latter a few more were wounded and taken prisoners: but the greater part cut their way safely through: and the Austrians were so knocked about that they did not attempt any pursuit.

"It was in this affair, which proved the valour of the south, when well led, that the scar you see was obtained; but it did not prevent him who received it from taking an active part in the defence of Rome, though the

French let him stay here afterwards, as he had some influential connections amongst them."

"What is he engaged about now?" was our next question; "does he belong to the artist set?"

"He does," replies our friend; "and he has painted a beautiful picture of his favourite horse, the one which carried him so well in that desperate charge."

"He seems to be mixing very cheerfully in all that is going on around him," say we; "and he does not look like a man who has seen and suffered so much, yet there is a good deal of the hero in his appearance."

"Yes, he is a hero still in all that he does," answers our informant; "as much so now with the brush as he was before with the sword, for he enters with great enthusiasm into his art, works vigorously, and paints splendid pictures."

"And do you think that he has forgotten those ideas for which he once fought?"

"I doubt if any one can answer that question; for open and free-hearted as he appears to be, there are some points on which he maintains the strictest reserve, and I do not think there is one person who in such matters understands his feelings, as he never alludes to them."

"Much the wisest plan it would seem, in this country," we reply. "How different it is from old England; there every man can say what he likes, without fear of injury; and what is still better there than the mere right of saying what you like, is the enjoyment of perfect domestic security, and the being able to find so many spheres of action for different kinds of talent."

So we fall into a political and moral conversation à propos of that fine-looking Italian, who is sipping his coffee, and laughing with his neighbour, in an easy manner; but though some of his talents and many of his feelings are repressed, yet he has his art to con-

sole him, and is still living in his native land amongst the scenes of its past, and, as he also probably hopes, of its future glory. How far more fortunate is he, therefore, than many of those who were his associates in that memorable struggle, who are scattered about over the earth, often far from their native shores, and who are obliged to adapt themselves to fresh habits, a fresh language, and a fresh people.

But look still at the hero of Tuscany; there is something in his eye now which makes us think that he knows us to be English; and, more than this, that the knowing us to be English has given him a thought, a dream, an inspiration; but the signs of this are soon banished by another tide of chat and laughter; and the charge of Italian horse, and the well-defended walls of Rome, are forgotten in the brilliant glances and smiles which sparkle on the dark face of the artist.

But though the artists' café is of all perhaps the most genial and interesting, yet there are others also in Rome to which a stranger should at least pay a casual visit, in order that he may learn some of the private distinctions of men and their pursuits in that city.

We are now turning out of the long Corso into quite a different sort of place from the Greco. Everything in these rooms looks light, clean, airy, and well-kept; and a few spotless old gentlemen are seen collecting together in knots at some of the tables, and are discussing, in polished tones, subjects of professional interest.

This is decidedly not the Greco; but there are men here who, though wanting in the look of commanding talent, show plenty of thought and acuteness in their quiet faces.

There is one gentleman yonder who looks as if he were firmly wedded to some favourite theory which he would do anything to defend, which he is able charmingly and convincingly to prove, and which nothing but the world's overthrow could ever induce him to abandon. There is a difference in this between politics and science; for you must know that this is the savant's or philosopher's coffee-house into which we have now introduced ourselves, and even into its inner sanctuary, rather to the surprise of the waiter, who, however, is very ready and obliging, whilst yonder gentlemanly old professor smiles on us with a hospitable air, as if he were entertaining us in his own private abode.

But to resume the difference between politics and natural science.—What does it matter to the absorbed theorist, engaged on some deep problem of physics, whether Austria or Sardinia rules at Milan? and whether it was the French or the Spaniards who came to deliver the Pope? and whether it is an English and French, or a Russian squadron that intends to try the anchorage in the Bay of Naples? All these things

are life or death to some men, intensely engaged in establishing pure and high-minded forms of government and society around them; but what do they matter to the man who has done nothing all his life except pore over one precious secret which yet remains undiscovered, and who cares nothing for the fate of empires; and if, besides employing himself in worming out this matter, he can drink his coffee every evening on the seat which he now occupies?

Shade of Galileo, how can we thus offend against thee? Ah! everything appears so much less—religion even—science, poetry, and art, where the spirit of freedom does not preside. But see yonder, Herr Professor, or Mr. Professor, as the Germans would call him, who has just entered, is casting a very decided glance towards our seat;—it has been his for the last twenty years, and we will not deprive him of it to-night. So adieu, café of the savants! and may we revisit thee again when

84

power rightly vested shall have given a freer impulse to every branch of intellectual advancement.

THE

ARTIST IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

	•	

THE

ARTIST IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

LET us ask that manly-looking peasant where he comes from?

- "From Albano, Signor."
- "And what do you generally bring to market?"
- "All sorts of vegetables, eggs, and butter, Signor."
- "Who is that fine little girl with you? she looks a true Roman."
- "She is my daughter, Signor; come here, little one, and speak to the gentleman."

- "And does this little one, always come into Rome with you?"
- "Not always, Signor; but when her mother does not want her, she often gets up into the cart, to come with me."
- "You never were sketched by any artist, you and your daughter, were you?"
 - "No, Signor, we never were."
- "Come along with me then, and I will pay you for it, if you will let me draw you both; you will make a nice picture."

During this conversation, you have been the Artist in search of a subject; and now, having obtained one, you return to your studio, accompanied by the artist and his little daughter, and well satisfied with having before you, the dress and features of the exact kind that you intended to have, when maturing in your rooms, in Hampstead Road, the plan of an Italian journey.

But instead of following the Artist to his

studio, let us remain a while where we were, near the large fountain, in the market-place, watching those who are beginning to come in, and amongst them three travellers, who have each taken out a pencil and a sketch book, and whose hands are all moving mechanically together, though what in that precise spot they are sketching, unless it be this pile of vegetables and ourselves, and an old woman near us, as the market gardener and his wife, it would be almost impossible to discover.

But what does it matter? when they return home, they will have something appearing in their sketch books which might be a churchyard or a potato field, but which with "Market-place at Rome" written underneath it, will look very much like the place itself, and will give their friends an interesting idea of what they have seen. But we should recommend these gentlemen to wait a little, unless they have only two days wherein to see Rome and its curiosities; for now that the peasant of Albano,

with his tall, muscular form, and classical features, has left the spot, taking with him his grave, but bright-eyed little daughter, there are no more striking subjects at present in the market-place.

But who is that lurking in the corner of the old house yonder, with his face half hidden under a sombrero, and with something suspicious-looking in his hand.

See, his face is gradually raised, and he looks stealthily around; whilst a black eye is glittering above the black beard. But the black eye meeting ours, laughs merrily, and crossing the square we find ourselves with an Artist of our acquaintance, who has already put the travellers into his sketch book.

They are ranged in a line, like soldiers, and are drawing, as it were, at the word of command, with perfect regularity in their movements; before them is a heap of vegetables, and a blank wall. We laugh, and then stroll about, with our friend waiting for more peasants to arrive.

Yonder is a peasant woman from Tivoli, one of those whose queenly presence may have sometimes stirred up the muse of Horace, that dweller amongst glorious scenes, and a still grand people.

See how stately she is; she does not know it though; she is simply Maria, a poor girl of Tivoli, and has no pretension to be the heroine of a painting, or a poem.

But give her a richer dress, and she would look like the wife of a Consul, welcoming him home to his triumphs; give her a more modern and simple one, and she would change into one of our own modest home maidens, for there is something very sweet and gentle in her countenance, though she is a little embrowned by the sun, and by labour.

But was there ever a more upright, and graceful figure? one which impressed you more by the beautiful measure of its walk, by its graceful poise, and its perfect symmetry? Our artist friend takes his pencil again, and begins

this time to sketch in earnest; but the three travellers, having finished their drawings of the market place at exactly the same instant, sheath their pencils, and after casting three indifferent glances at the peasant Princess of Tivoli, go off by a side street in search of fresh scenes. But that graceful figure is not long alone; for a young peasant not inferior in grace of bearing to the daughter of the mountains whom we have been looking at, leads a large mule into the market place, and before unloading his panniers, goes up to Maria, and addresses her, in that shy but yet familiar manner, which shows that a pretty good understanding has been established between them.

And now this peasant youth will also find his place in the Artist's sketch book; and a fine fellow he looks, standing beside his well-laden mule.

But the scene often changes; one set of figures goes off, and another comes on, and they all take different parts, and all seem as if they were doing it for our amusement; but the open square is their theatre, the sunshine lights them, and the acting is but a natural part of their every-day existence.

The sort of feelings that you realise here, could not have their place in an English country market; for though in some rural districts, especially in the genial west, of our country, you may see bright dresses, and beautiful faces, and finelooking countrymen, yet in the market-places of even Somerset and Devon, these characteristics are often hidden away, in long dark stalls, or spacious rooms, with very unpicturesque-looking stone floors, and well-arranged tables; whilst in the south of Europe, nature seems favourable to the more tasteful indolence of a graceful people, so that their actions, and their groupings, and their every posture, are at once seen and appreciated, whilst the bright colours they wear shine out gaily in the sunlight. us look well at this tall figure, dressed in gray, who is now entering the market-place; he does not loiter, he has crossed the square, and is gone again; but for a moment he was seen, side by side with the mule drivers, though how different from them.

Yet is there something in the imaginative looks, and picturesque appearance of the Roman peasant, which makes the monkish garb appear less unnatural amongst them, than it would amongst the same number of hardy, healthy, homely-looking men from our own rural villages.

They, indeed, would appreciate, the red coat of some good-natured-looking, recruiting officer, who thought that he saw amongst them the same blood, bone, and sinew, and the same resolute endurance, which win for us every battle in which we are engaged, whilst the old sergeant also with his own ruddy physiognomy, merry smiles, and stout limbs, would look at home amongst those sons of our own hills and meadows.

If a grave, hooded monk, on the contrary, were

to make his appearance in an English marketplace, not only would the rude laugh of the countryman be loudly heard, but that dress and that unnatural look would be wholly out of keeping with the scene around. Here, however, the indolent nature of the people alters the case altogether; for though the peasantry do not care much for monks, and dislike such soldiers as they have, yet the same tranquil, good-natured, and almost stolid demeanour, marks their bearing towards both of these classes,—the ruling ones in Italy.

But now look yonder; look at that narrow street leading into the market-place; there is a long file of mules with their panniers, driven by tall mountaineers, coming slowly along it. Many a fancy may steal over one in looking at that long file, and at those upright, muscular forms; for if one has ever trodden the turf of the Campagna, how that high mountain behind Lake Albano, and the flower-strewn woods on its banks, and the Ciceronian groves of Frascati,

rise before one. One crosses also the flowery champaign leading on to Tivoli, and one visits Tivoli itself, — Tivoli, with its fretful, snowy cataracts ever roaring over the mountain sides.

It is a very pleasing characteristic of the Roman market-places, that in them your ears are not assailed by any disagreeable sounds, such as the dialects of some parts of England and the patois of various foreign countries are very productive of. You do not hear z instead of s, or k instead of c or t, as pronounced by the rough voices of some of our own country-people; nor do you hear moshure, instead of monsieur, as in some of the provinces of France; nor are your teeth set on edge, as when you listen to certain dialects of German harshly and gutturally spoken. No; you have the true, sweet, Italian tones making pleasant music in your ear; and you may be induced to spend even the last of your change in order to listen to the "gratsia

signor,"—" thank you, sir," of a Roman beggar-boy. Indeed, there is no better way, perhaps, of making yourself familiar with the sweetest sounds of the Italian, than by calling forth the good humour and the gratitude or some of the humblest peasantry whom you may meet by the road-side or in the market-place. We were about to say that great simplicity and taste in colour was another very pleasing characteristic of the market-places of Rome: it used once to be so, but it is becoming far less so now; and the reason for this is, that the Papal States are invaded, not by French and Austrian bayonets only, but also by English cottons.

In this matter, if we consider it without reference to cheapness, convenience, or comfort, we are as little disposed to feel friendly towards the doings of other nations as towards those of our own countrymen; for where is the Roman peasant-girl who does not now crown her black locks with a Manchester pattern? and where

are now the simple bands of pure red or white which used once to adorn them? Yes; the artist in the market-place must turn away with sadness from some of those fine classical groups so well draped in some respects, but who wear the badges of cheap clothing either on their heads or on their shoulders, and thus spoil the uniformity of their dress and the grace and symmetry of their appearance.

But now the shades of evening are closing in, and the artist draws his broad hat down over his face, and looks more than ever like one of that renowned class whom you would shun in the narrow mountain gorge, or, at this hour, even on the open Campagna: he stands also in the shadow of the wall, and not far from a picture of the Madonna, before which the people will kneel as they go away. The peasant of Albano and his little girl are here again, and they stop before that uncouth-looking picture muttering their prayers. To this spot also come the peasant-girl of Tivoli and her lover,

they who, proud and beautiful as they look, have never learned to read two words consecutively. To this spot also comes that broad-shouldered, gloomy-looking man, with a small, dirty cloak thrown over his shoulders, and with a sidelong, suspicious glance, and a hand pressed on his side, as if it were accustomed to grasp the favourite weapon of the south. He, too, pays his devotions to the Madonna as fervently as the rest, and then also passes on. Finally, three figures returning to the market-place also stop before the picture, and look at each other with wonder, as they see one figure after another going through its devotions; then, with a sturdy step, and a broad, honest smile, they move quickly away, and the artist has forgiven the three travellers for their sketching vagaries, because now they have awakened his sympathies for what is simple, true, and really holy.

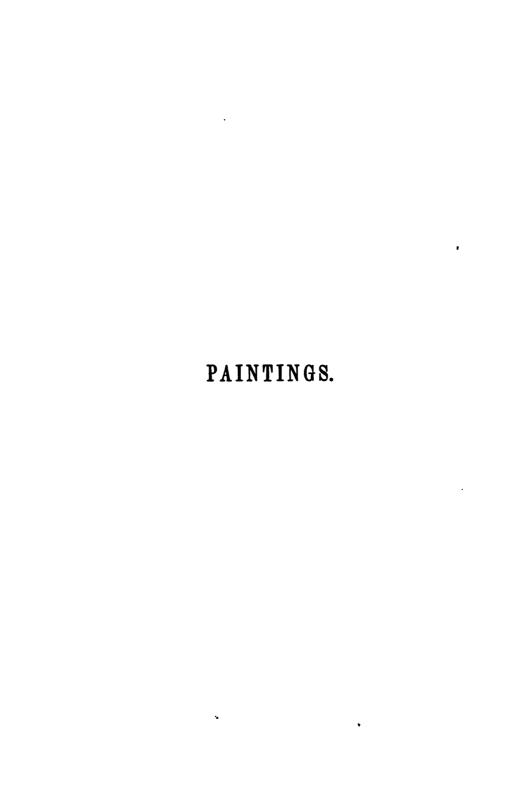
The artist returns to the market-place, but

AL SE SEINE 1 JE DARRELINGE

The such than Indian in the same of the sa

PAINTINGS.

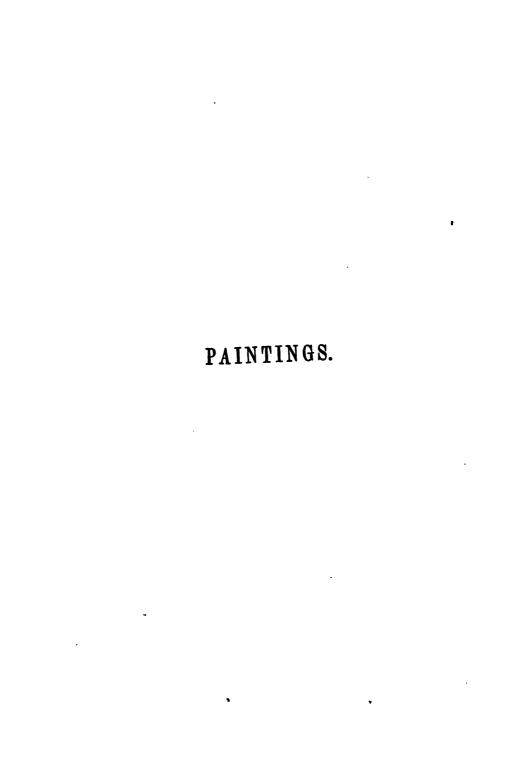
it is almost deserted; only a few figures here and there glide along through the shadows, whilst from a neighbouring church floats the sound of the vesper hymn.



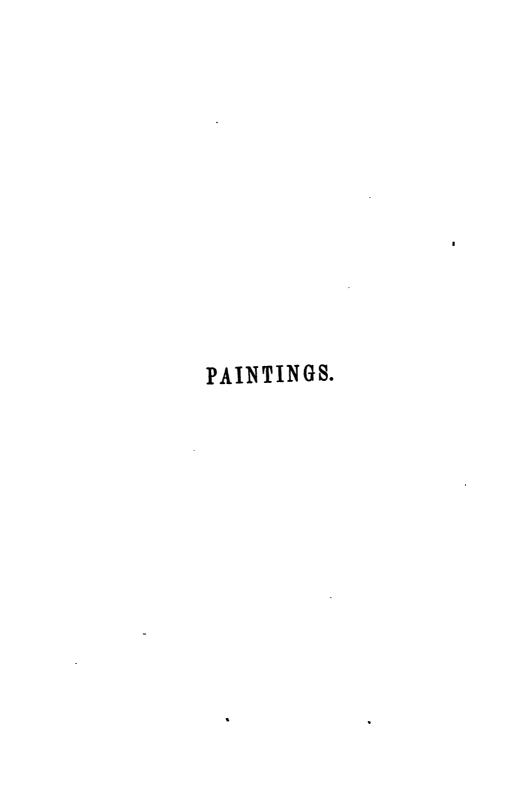
it is almost deserted; only a few figures here and there glide along through the shadows, whilst from a neighbouring church floats the sound of the vesper hymn.

PAINTINGS.

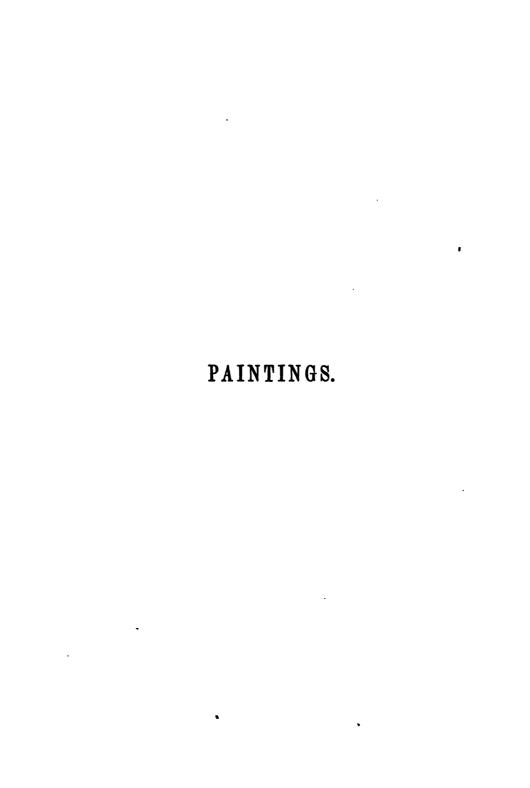
it is almost deserted; only a few figures here and there glide along through the shadows, whilst from a neighbouring church floats the sound of the vesper hymn.



it is almost deserted; only a few figures here and there glide along through the shadows, whilst from a neighbouring church floats the sound of the vesper hymn.



it is almost deserted; only a few figures here and there glide along through the shadows, whilst from a neighbouring church floats the sound of the vesper hymn.





PAINTINGS.

IF we were really attempting to write on pictures, we should be treading on very delicate ground. There are so many different styles of painting, and so many different ways of admiring or depreciating them, that the unlucky critic, unless he be armed with all the powers of some particular school, which he knows exactly how to cry up, scarcely flounders out of one bog before he sinks yet deeper into another. But our intention is simply to mention or comment very slightly upon some of the principal pictures and

statues in Rome, adopting, to a certain extent, the very unobjectionable tone of the writer of a French guide-book, whose whole criticism of a picture is—Le David fut admiré par Charles quint.

But this style of criticism might hardly be considered a sufficiently elaborate one, nor would it give enough information to those who desire a brief sketch of the chief paintings of Rome as some guide to their own researches.

Let us then remember, what seemed to us at the time full of beauty and genius; and despite the defects which those great works may possess, we cannot but desire that others who go to Rome, and who visit the halls of statuary or the rooms of painting, may enjoy as much as we did the classic times or the middle ages as there still seen in stone and on canvas.

It is a great drawback, indeed, for some minds, that but very few natural scenes are represented in the old Italian pictures. Their subjects are usually those of which we can have no real conception; but in consequence of this, the imagination finds wide scope in them for its highest efforts. Most of the pictures of the great masters are on religious scenes, treated in their own especial manner; scenes which partake rather too much of the material character which seems to be the great tendency of spiritualism in Catholic countries.

The same guide-book we have quoted before, says, "The Annunciation is by Sansovino; in it the angel Gabriel is accompanied by some angels on foot, by others in the air, and by a cloud full of little angels; this picture appeared divine to Vasari."

Nevertheless, in the hands of the great masters these rather delicate subjects assume a wonderful form and beauty; nor this only, for there is often, to a religious mind, something very impressive in their general feeling and intention.

But we are now speaking only of the greatest works of art, for when religious painting descends but one step lower, it too often becomes literally profane. The churches of Italy are, many of them, full of very vulgar saints; but both in galleries and churches there are also paintings of so high an order, that you feel that the elevation of religious feeling in the artist's mind, whilst he was executing it, must have greatly aided the perfection of his work.

It is not to be supposed, indeed, that the belief of the higher order of Italian artists, men of advanced intellect, in their own creations went farther than a general recognition of those feelings of faith, hope, and purity, which under various forms they sought to convey; they preferred to seek for their objects in Christianity, but without narrowing their belief in matters of detail, still less in style of expression to the traditions of the church to which they belonged. The higher the art, therefore, the more it becomes recognisable by all Christians, and in Raphael's exquisite Madonnas, with their tender, graceful, maternal beauty, there is far more

of the Virgin as a woman, than as Queen of Heaven, such as some of the other Italian painters delight in representing her.

To gain, therefore, a right feeling on the subject of Italian painting, you have only to compare one picture with another, and there are abundant opportunities of doing so, and then it will be difficult for the merest tyro in painting not to form his taste to some extent after a very few trials of judgment, in comparing the grace, simplicity, dignity of one master, not wanting in fervour also, with the gorgeousness or ungoverned raptures, or awkward austerity of another.

When launched ourself upon the sea of Italian painting, we did not, indeed, set about, guide-book in hand, to learn what we had to admire, but were contented with wandering about the galleries, and accustoming our eye to the different subjects they contained, whilst, at the same time, we sought the assistance of some of our friends whose knowledge was the

result of long study and interest, whilst trying to become familiar with the varieties of form, of colour, and of expression peculiar to different artists. At present we shall not enter into many details on these subjects, but direct our attention to a few of the principal paintings of Rome which are convenient starting-points for the study of the whole.

Let us suppose that we are going to visit the Vatican, an immense undertaking, indeed, if it be seen thoroughly, but not so formidable if you are only intending to take your bearings previous to farther discoveries.

We pass the castle of St. Angelo—pass the portico of which Raphael is said to have been the architect, enter the square of St. Peter's, watch the fountains sending forth their refreshing showers, and then ascend the long line of steps on the right which lead to the Vatican.

We ascend the staircase, and by degrees reach some doors which take us towards the Sistine Chapel, and in this we find ourselves in presence of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, a wonderful effort of form and execution, such as a great genius, both practical and theoretical, could alone have accomplished. Hope, joy, despair, and agony are all livingly created in this picture, whilst the attitudes of the various figures, even without the expression of their features, would be sufficient to express the general meaning of the grand subject.

From the Sistine Chapel we again ascend, and find ourselves in the entrance to Raphael's chambers, in a room in which is the Transfiguration by that master, and the Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino. These two great pictures are opposite each other, and we must confess to an excess of delight and admiration as we turned from one to the other, and knew not which most to enjoy.

The head of St. Jerome, in Domenichino's picture, is particularly grand, full of majestic power and victorious faith, and possessing an

individuality and a superiority to everything not touched by genius, which makes it like some great thought, from which the mind may date certain lasting impressions. Raphael's picture is one which you have only to gaze at, to feel at once all its breadth and greatness, though the effect of the grouping in it is more powerful than that of any individual figure, a mistake in such a picture; yet the tenderness and majesty of the head of Christ, though hardly enough distinctive, are not to be forgotten.

Out of the room in which the Transfiguration, and the Communion of St. Jerome, are placed, you pass into what are called the chambers of Raphael. These contain the great pictures of which the cartoons in Hampton Court are the original sketches, and exhibit the versatile powers of Raphael's mind, which seemed naturally more fitted to realise the tender beauty of his Madonnas, than to grasp at dramatic character, and at the power he thought necessary to be pourtrayed in his "School of Athens."

Amongst the subjects of which Raphael has treated, in the four rooms peculiarly devoted to his pictures, stand forth pre-eminently the pictures we have just named, in which the true power of thought and the sublimity of mental greatness are seen, even through physical defects, kindle into life and proclaim Raphael to have been a fitting companion for the great spirits of old, whose life he has thus endeavoured to bring before us with one touch of his mighty hand. This picture contains several different groups. In one, are Plato and Aristotle, calmly and sublimely wise, with their disciples around In another, is Socrates, beside his them. pupil, Alcibiades, whom he is instructing. Pvthagoras and Diogenes, also, have each their particular place—the former amongst his followers, and the latter by himself, reading a book.

It is in the Chamber of the Sacrament that this great subject is painted.

There are three other rooms, one of which is remarkable for the painting of the fire in the Borgo, in which there is more of the common emotions of life than in most of Raphael's pictures. Another room is that of Heliodorus, the subject being the driving away of the emissary of the King of Syria from the temple at Jerusalem by the intervention of angels.

In the Hall of Constantine is an unfinished picture of Raphael's; for the great artist died before completing it, and it was continued by Giulio Romano.

Michael Angelo and Raphael have given their names to the Vatican, but it is otherwise more a museum of statuary than of painting, and its halls, and the chambers of the Capitol, contain a living record of the classic times in those great works, which, of themselves, individually testify to the intellectual grace and power of their age, and also in the busts of men whose lives were the history of Greece and Rome.

The names and general characters of the chief works of classic art are so well known, that it is needless particularly to allude to them; but before leaving the subject of paintings, we would advise the traveller in Rome to take an early opportunity of visiting the Borghese palace, where he will find a historical collection of Italian paintings, and where Titian, Domenichino, and the Caracci are properly represented, although to see Correggio, we must go to the tribune of the Uffizi at Florence.

We have only mentioned the paintings of the Vatican, and of the Borghese Palace; but almost all the principal palaces and churches of Rome contain some works of the great age of Italian art.

Two of the chief collections of paintings are in the Doria and Colonna palaces; Guido's

Aurora is in the Ruspegliosi Palace; in the Farnese Palace are some celebrated frescoes by the Caracci and Guido; in the church of St. Andrea de la Valle, are Domenichino's Evangelists.

ALBANO.

. •

.

ALBANO.

Whilst at Rome, we were for a while so closely engaged in visiting galleries of painting and other interesting objects, that after a time a little relaxation became absolutely necessary, in order to recruit our health for farther study.

We started off, therefore, for Albano, a mountain town about fourteen miles from Rome, in company with a friend whose knowledge of the old masters was only equalled by his familiarity with the classics, and by his appreciation of all that was beautiful in nature.

Together we established ourselves at the only

inn of Albano, as the only travellers within it, and had a spacious room, in which many a walk to and fro was taken during the few days we were there. On the day after reaching the shores of the Alban lake, we wandered for hours beside its banks. At its head is the Alban Mount, covered with brown copse wood, and towering far above the waters; along the sides of the lake are alleys of noble trees, whose trunks, varied in their shape as they are fine in their proportions, offer constantly the best subjects that an artist could desire; on the side of Albano the bank of the lake is only a narrow ridge, with room enough for this sylvan road, and a little copse beside it filled with the most beautiful wild flowers; on the other side the olive grounds stretch down towards the plain, and through their long alleys, and over the treetops, you see the glorious green of the Campagna, and the blue Mediterranean beyond it. But, perhaps, the grandest view of all, is when in standing on one of the loveliest spots of the

lake, you have thickly-wooded banks before you, and see the Alban Mount just across the glassy waters, whilst a monastery with its grounds lies at your side, and Castel Gondolfo, with its picturesque piles of houses, is in the foreground, seated high on the narrow ridge above the lake; then you look over the end of the lake, and over the wide-spreading Campagna, until the eye at last lingers, where it rests upon the distant towers of Rome.

We shall never forget what we once beheld at early morning from that point, as the soft light of dawn broke over the Campagna, and exquisite tints of green and purple opened on us from every spot on its surface, whilst the celestial glow which diffused itself over Rome, brought a city of shining palaces nearer and nearer to the view.

One day we were joined at Albano by some friends from Rome, who walked with us to Lake Nermi, a beautiful mountain water, with woods concealing it all around, and the path to which takes you by Aricia, the city hanging on the brow of a steep hill, which is seen in one of Turner's paintings.

Our companion and ourself also, took a carriage and drove to Frascati, once the abode of the lofty-minded, but vacillating orator, Rome's Demosthenes, of him who crushed Catiline, but was himself at length overpowered by greater energies and worldly wisdom than fell to his own share. Yes, it was at Frascati that Cicero talked, and dreamed, and planned, and there the gardens of his villa are still to be seen.

From the first of the two sites which claim to be those of Cicero's villa, there is a view of such loveliness as Italy only can afford. Before the palace which now occupies this spot, there is a platform covered with gardens, and on the odge of this platform, standing out in clear rolled against the sky, is a single line of pines and cyprosses, whilst through the openings in the planes are seen the mountains about Tivoli, where towering masses, which, when we were

there, had but lately lost their snows, stretch away far beyond it. Then the eye lets itself rest on the Campania far below, and follows the lovely colours of its surface to Rome, to the Mediterranean, and to faint outlines of distant hills.

But even after this view there is one still more interesting for him who climbs to the very summit of the hill above the ruined amphitheatre, where once stood the old city of Tusculum, which was famous in the remotest antiquity; which drove Hannibal from its gates; which gave birth to Cato, and in the middle ages marched out against the people of Rome and conquered them, but which is now only a mountain pasture, peopled by a wild-looking goatherd and his flocks.

From the hill of Tusculum you see a range of mountains on either side, whilst the Alban hills skirt the deep valleys at your feet,—St. Peter's standing in the midst of the vast Campagna, and many a mile of sea beyond stretching

away along its forest shores. When we stood on that spot we felt that it was a great moment in our life, one of those moments in which time and space seem as nothing whilst the regions of the lasting and the infinite are before you.

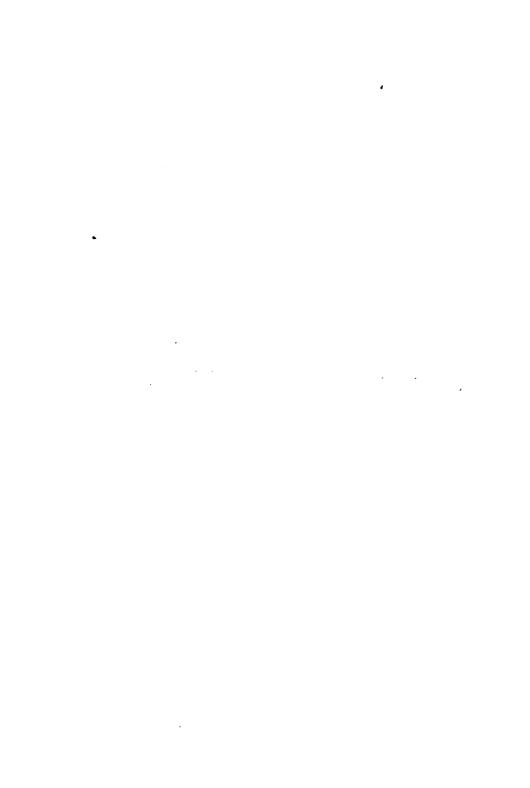
Our visit to Frascati was only of one day's duration; and in a day or two afterwards, we returned again to Rome, leaving our friend behind us at Albano. There he met with a curious adventure after our departure. He was walking one day along the bank of the lake where we had often walked together, when two men approached him, and demanded money; on his refusing to give them any, they began to use threats; and finding that begging would get them nothing, seemed resolved to rob. These incipient banditti, however, though they were two to one, did not find it very easy to execute their purpose. First of all, our friend tried good-humour, and made his assailants themselves laugh, by saying that if they were hungry, as they said they were, he was still more so, having waited a long time for his dinner.

The two Italians appreciated the point of this joke; but presently their first purpose returned again; and they followed the slowly-retiring traveller with menacing gestures. He, upon this, stood firmly on the defensive, brandished his walking-stick, and in good Italian threatened to knock them down if they came up to him. So determined a resistance had the desired effect, and the thieves sneaked off, leaving our friend to return unmolested.

And now farewell to Albano; if its people are not at present very civilized, its nature at least is grand and enchanting, and seems imbued with an intelligent meaning, which speaks impressively to the mind, delights and elevates it; and even without the morning rays, which, resting on the boundless Campagna, called forth the many ages that were sleeping under the towers of Rome, and without those twilight shadows, which, like conjurors who have con-

quered the elements, peopled with spirits the waters of the Alban lake, we should still remember the days at Albano as some of the happiest we have ever spent, because they were associated with the conversation and sympathy of one whose high talents and dignified feelings have made them memorable to us.

FRASCATI AND TIVOLI.



FRASCATI AND TIVOLI.

A WEEK or two had passed since our visit to Albano, and we were resolved again to taste the mountain breeze, and to see some more of the glorious landscapes amongst the Alban and Sabine hills.

So, one afternoon we started for Frascati, and got there during a fete to the Madonna, as our guide said, taking off his hat. The first lodging offered us in the place looked by no means agreeable; but after turning out of one inn, we settled down after all into a very barelooking, brick-floored room, with not so much

as a comfortable bed in it. The people, however, were buoni gente,—very civil; and we were pretty soon reconciled to our fate.

Almost immediately after our arrival at Frascati, we took a walk beyond the gates, and on our way fell in with a guide who was anxious to put some of our pauls into his pocket. After hearing what he had to say, we agreed to take a horse, and go with him to Tivoli the next morning, and perhaps we might go still further, as we were greatly tempted, by his account, to explore the recesses of the mountains, if our anxiety for letters did not recall us to Rome.

It was an Italian morning when we started for Tivoli, the air deliciously calm and fresh, and the grass looking brilliantly green, whilst flowers of every hue were glistening softly amongst it. Our little guide pretended to talk French; what he did know, he made use of in the most wonderful manner, and went capering and chattering on before us, affording us great amusement on the road. The bridle road lay

through pleasant fields, and sometimes through picturesque little dells, on the edge of the Campagna. We had beautiful views also of towns dropped, as it were, from the sky on to the very pinnacles of the hills; whilst, in front of us, the majestic masses of the Sabine mountains, sometimes in graceful curves, sometimes in huge steps, like a giant's pathway to the blue heavens, came sweeping down into the plain. too, of every hue, garlanded our path; and all their beauties were multiplied by that Elysian bloom which is the heritage of the south. Tivoli was all the while in sight, lining, with its white houses and its woods, the sides of the opposite hills; and the views in ascending to the town were extremely beautiful,—woods, ruins, and commanding-looking houses, covering the heights which rose above you on entering it.

The town itself consists of high houses and narrow streets; but close to the window of our bed-room was the exquisite little temple of the Sybil, whose columns are still standing around the place of its fallen altars, before which were once performed rites to the mystic spirit of the future. The temple stands on the brink of a hill, looking down on to the stormy Arnio, whose gorge seems steeped in tumultuous waters.

From the terrace before the temple we had our first view of the great falls of Tivoli. waters at first shoot swiftly down over the precipice, then swell up majestically in foaming masses, and then a last tremendous leap tears them into shreds, which the wind whirls away in a vast cloud of eddying foam. The depths of the gorge, reached by a path below the inn, are full of lovely falls; and there is a grotto in it of most solemn depth and gloom, which looks a far fitter temple for the Sybil than the Grecian columns above. The pathway outside the caverns, and above the falls is so graceful, as it winds along amongst rocks, and flowers, and grasses, that one feels the whole scene to be as lovely as it is graced and imposing.

But our greatest treat was yet before us; for after again ascending the hill, and passing the places where the villas of Catullus and Horace once stood, we came upon a wide view of the Campagna, with a hill rising above it, over which the waters were tumbling, and on the side of which stood two noble lines of wall, sole relics now of the villa of the princely Mæcenas.

This was what we had looked forward to when we first thought of Italy; and now our dream was realised, and we returned again and again to the same view, to impress it on our recollection, and to pay due honour to the dead, whose wisdom, wit, and song were once listened to within those walls.

Close to this spot is an olive wood, whose beauties we especially remember, for when once you were in it, it had all the appearance of a mighty forest, through which the road wound up the hill, passing by a lonely cross, which had vistas of olive behind it; and there was a peasant in a bright jacket and black hat, riding

his ass up the hill,—the forest enclosing him all round.

Below this olive wood the now peaceful Arnio had passed its gorges, and flowed on through the quiet meadows, whilst fishermen and sportsmen were gathered in a group on its banks.

From this spot we found a direct road back to Tivoli, and, after resting, went out again in search of Hadrian's villa, an immense ruin eight or ten miles round, and still distinctly mapped out in all its parts.

The next morning we left Tivoli to return to Rome, which we did in a public conveyance,—a sort of large two-horse fly. On the box with us, was an Englishman, who somewhat attracted our attention by his thoughtful countenance and rather finely-moulded features: he appeared to converse with great ease and interest on all subjects of art, and, to some extent, on historical and classical ones also.

We found, after a time, that he was an artist, who had been five or six years in Italy, and that he was as much a traveller as an artist, and had seen a great deal of the people, and met with many adventures of a rather curious character. Amongst others, he related to us the following, which we shall repeat as well as we can remember it, altering the names mentioned to some of our own choosing:—

"I was alone at Frascati, wandering about among the hills, not a soul being there, as it seemed, besides myself.

"During this time, my head quarters were at one of the most thoroughly Italian inns (wine shops, rather) that I had ever the ill fortune to fall in with; but I cared little, at first, at least, for the bare and comfortless air of everything in doors. The dirty little tables, scattered about in the coffee room, the black tile floors and very coarse beds, and the indifferent fare which I met with, all these were only minor considerations; for the weather was as Italian and glorious as the inn was uncomfortable.

"The rich flowers were, many of them new to

me, and their purple and red hues harmonised well with the tints of the landscape; whilst the wide Campagna seemed full of fresh greenness, and the bare earth even of its ploughed fields looked bright and beautiful, in that exquisite light which crept over it.

- "For several days I staid there, wandered about amongst the hills, and became classical, botanical, and poetical.
- "I sat for hours together in the grounds of Cicero's villa; watched the dome of St Peter's crowning the Campagna, at glowing dawn, and stole many a quiet glance across the sea of grass, to the blue sea itself, which lay beyond it.
- "At last, however, I awoke from my dream, and thought it time to start for Tivoli, which I knew, and had delighted in, and where I expected to meet with some acquaintances who would join me, perhaps, in a trip amongst the mountains to Horace's Farm, and still further, which I thought of accomplishing.

- "My guide was rather an unusual sort of character for a peasant; not eager, lively and talkative, but quiet and reserved, with apparently a good deal of repressed anxiety to accompany me on my expedition.
- "He seemed to have remarkably good manners, spoke French well, and his own tongue with good and pure enunciation.
- "I had not yet made a final arrangement with him beyond Tivoli, being still uncertain about the direction I should take afterwards; but he had introduced one or two remarks about the mountain country, gravely but happily expressed, which made me feel more desirous than ever, to visit a new tract of country, and one which apparently possessed so much interest.
- "Just as I was resting in the coffee room, on the last evening of my stay at Frascati, with no one but myself at the little tables, and with a cup of black coffee before me, which was to last me till supper time; a carriage

rattled up to the door, and presently I heard steps in the passage and two travellers, Englishmen, came in, one of whom was my friend Maitland, the other my cousin Harry Hastings. Maitland did not speak any Italian then, neither did Harry.

"The latter, however, was a capital linguist, when talking to his courier, who was a good English as well as Italian scholar, and on whom his master accordingly practised pretty frequently, as he found his efforts to master the various European tongues better appreciated by him than by any other person.

"But Harry on the present occasion, had left his courier behind him, andwas determined to show what proficiency he had himself attained to in the Italian language; and, after a glance at the corner, where I sat, with my face turned away, he began rattling on to the waiter, who stood silently before him, the picture of unmeaning consternation, in a kind of Linguo-Franco, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, which I, as an Englishman, pretty well acquainted with all the Latin tongues, could not in the least understand, and which none of the natives born, of any of the countries, in which those tongues are spoken, would have understood at all better, than exactly the same quantity of Arabic, Hindostanee or Gallic.

"Nevertheless the waiter's 'Si Signor' persuaded Harry as it had done when his courier was by, to prevent mistakes, that he had been pouring forth the most elegant Tuscan.

"But now the man of the inn, instead of doing anything to fulfil the orders of the guest, who meanwhile had walked complacently to the window, evidently fully satisfied with his powers, merely summoned in the landlord, who was as tall and broad, as the waiter was short and slender.

"My fellow occupants of the room were by this time looking peacefully out of window, making comments on the beauty of the scene, interspersed with remarks of Harry's, of quite a different character; such as; "it's wonderful really, what these places will bring out; sometimes you would think they were all dirt and discounfort, but they really give you a capital dinner, and first rate wines, if you only know how to order, and pay for them; but there is nothing like speaking the language. Did you not see how that fellow caught my meaning directly?"

"Now in a small English inn, of this sort,—
or rather you could not find one, that would not
look outwardly much more respectable than this;
but, in short, in any small English inn, where
you might chance to drop in on your journey—
if you ran up a list of things such as I have
done, they would stare at you, and wonder
whether you had lost your senses—'Get you a
steak, Sir, or a chop if you prefer it, and there's
some cold gooseberry tart and sherry, sir.' Well
that is what they would tell you, at an inn of
that kind at home, but here you see when you
know the language.....

"Here a shuffling of feet and a slight hammering was heard, behind the speaker, for there stood the stout landlord and the slight waiter, to whom all this talk was as dumb show, each, performing his separate bow, and endeavouring, by the grace of the action, to make their presence acceptable, and their language intelligible.

"Now my cousin could understand a little Italian, though his practice of speaking it was a mistaken one, so when the landlord said that he was sorry, neither he nor his waiter could speak the language of the Signor, did not the gentleman speak Italian, and what could he do for him? Harry looked as if he could do a great deal for the polite landlord; whilst Maitland, wholly unconscious of what was going on, kept his place quietly at the window, thinking it all right.

"At this crisis, however, I interfered, for seeing that Harry was turning very wroth, which would only make matters much worse, I stepped forward, and before my cousin had seen who I was, gave a few explanations to the landlord, and then showed myself to the astonished travellers.

"'How in the world did you come here just at the right time; and how can you manage to speak the dialect of these mountains? I am sure I cannot—if one learns the current tongue of the country, it is all that can be expected.'

"I could speak the dialect, or, at least, did my best to do so, and the consequence was, that we had spread before us the most sumptuous repast that had ever greeted the proud eyes of the village landlord, who being satisfied that his guests must be at least princes in disguise, and having resolved to make us pay dear for it, produced some bottles of wine of such an unexceptionable flavour, that when I compared them with the juice of the grape which I had been drinking for the last few days in the same room; it gave me a most unpleasant sensation to think

how it was possible that I could have swallowed such unwholesome vinegar.

"A very pleasant evening we spent here, talking over old days, and began to lay out our plans for the morrow, for we were now to move about and go on in company, and Harry declared that he quite forgave landlord and waiter their ignorance of their own mother tongue; considering what a pleasant incident had befallen him in this outlandish place.

"We fixed to meet at eight o'clock the next morning, but when the time came I was already two hours on my way to Tivoli—the reason for which was, that after I had gone to my room, about eleven or twelve o'clock I heard a knock at my door, and there was my guide whom I had quite forgotten, and who came to know at what time I should like to be called in the morning in order to set off in time for Tivoli.

"'We have given up going there to-morrow,' I replied, 'but you shall not lose by it, don't fear that. I will pay you all the same; I have

got some friends here, and I am going to spend a quiet morning with them.'

- "'Then the Signor has given up the mountains?' said the guide, with a look of disappointment.
- "'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'and, indeed, I had quite forgotten about it. But there are some friends of mine coming to Tivoli, whom you could persuade, I daresay, to take the excursion with you.'
- "'Is the Signor certain that they will go? and will they not be tempted to remain quietly at Tivoli? the place is so beautiful, and the weather is getting warm.'
- "I had never heard my guide suggest any argument against the mountain journey before, and was astonished; I merely told him, however, that I could not be sure they would go, though I thought it very likely; but I would pay him what I had agreed to for going to Tivoli. There he stood, however, at my door, still fumbling with the handle, and doubt-

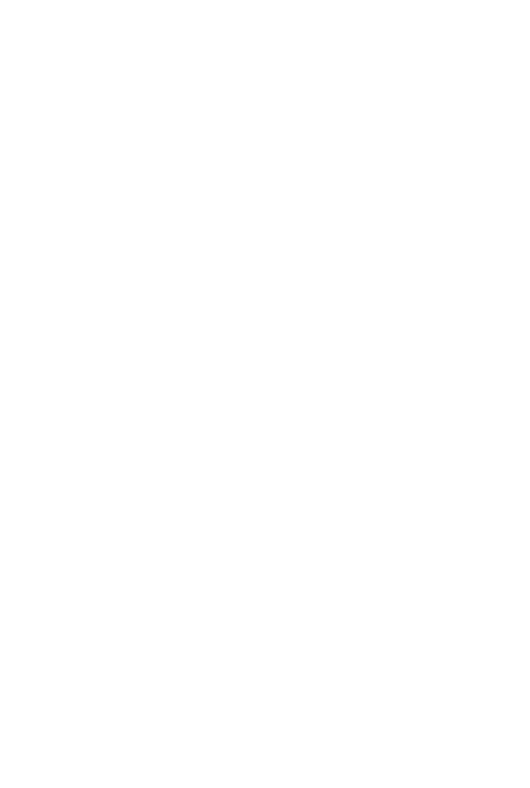
ing and hesitating whilst I wanted to go to hed.

- "'It is not the money,' said he, at last—but is the Signor of liberal opinions, if he is, I will tell him all.'
- "'Why, I am an Englishman,' I said, beginning to see my way a little, 'and of course a constitutional government is the only one I have an atom of respect for, even if another be sometimes useful or necessary for a time. But we have none of your liberalism in our country—we know nothing about sudden revolutions—we read our papers—take in the most startling facts or opinions with the utmost sang froid—write a letter now and then to some journal, and think it will all come right in the end, as it generally does, thanks to our press and parliament, which work on very well together.
- "'But we do not know much of your Italian liberalism, and should be afraid of its taking away our appetite, or interfering with our ease of mind whilst reading the newspapers. You

country to Ancona, I shall be able to repay a little of my great debt, by showing you the country, which I know well, better than a common guide could; and perhaps you will be interested in hearing some curious details about the state of the people, such as I can give you.'

"Well, strange to say, I did not hesitate; I felt no fear for myself; I thought my duty was to aid this poor fellow, who had been a law student in Rome, and I rather liked the nature of the adventure; so I left a line for my companions of the night before, to say that I was gone, took my conspirator right across the country, saw him safe on shipboard, and then quietly returned by a circuitous route, and found Harry still at Rome."

THE COLISEUM.



THE COLISEUM.

THERE are yet places in this busy world which belong essentially to the past, which fill the mind with recollections only, and have no part or portion with the present. Such a spot is the historical battle-field, especially the field on which freedom, on some well-remembered day, has asserted its glory.

Such, too, are the broken walls of some great dwelling-place of former time, full of life once and of beauty, but which has now almost vanished in its decay. Such, too, is that edifice which still preserves its vastness, though in silence and desolation, and which was once both the glory and the shame of Imperial Rome; its glory, because it witnessed to universal empire; its shame, because captivity, slavery, and bloodshed built and filled the vast walls and arena of the Coliseum.

But how different the Coliseum as it is, from the Coliseum as it was! Once there were its hundred thousand spectators seated round it; the Cæsars, the senators, the people of Rome, with barbarians amongst them from far distant lands, whose homage was made still more certain by the spectacle before them, that spectacle of the wild son of the forest, or perhaps even of the more effeminate captive from some subdued city, slaughtered for the amusement of their conquerors, by one who had, like himself, been enslaved.

What a strange place the world must have been in those days, when such things could be permitted and enjoyed; but they have left us at least a mighty relic of themselves in that great amphitheatre, a ruined city in itself, and over whose walls and steps, and chambers and passages, and on whose arena also, not gladiator with gladiator, but flowers with flowers, and weeds with weeds, are contending in tangled masses for the mastery.

We remember, that on our first visit to the Coliseum, we chose the highest spot we could reach, and, seated on a fragment of wall, mused for a silent hour contemplating the wrecked, but also green and flowery ruin. For it is especially in the south that ruin becomes beautiful, and that flowers of all hues, and in the wildest profusion, cover the falling cornice or the crumbling wall.

It is a question, indeed, whether the historian, the poet, or the botanist, have now the best claim to the Coliseum, nor will the priest of the Roman faith be backward in asserting his rights, as the universal Christian emblem stands in the centre of the great amphitheatre, and many a poor pilgrim pays his devotions before

it, little thinking that, on the ground on which he is kneeling, so much blood has in former ages been shed.

If any one has time for quiet reading and meditation, whilst he is seeing Rome, let him go to the Coliseum, and seated amongst those flowery fragments of departed strength, let his eye wander up and down the silent space still closed in around, and then up to the blue sky, still as bright as it ever was, over his head, and then on to the temples of the Roman forum outside the Coliseum walls, and then back again into his own heart, where he can hardly fail to find strange and bewildering, but also elevating fancies, after that scrutiny of what is as it was, and also of what is as it was not.

But though under the walls, or amongst the galleries of that lofty ruin, you may hide yourself from the glare of the southern sun, and only watch it in all its beauty, calling forth the richest gold and purple from the flowers before you, or seeking, with coaxing softness, to dis-

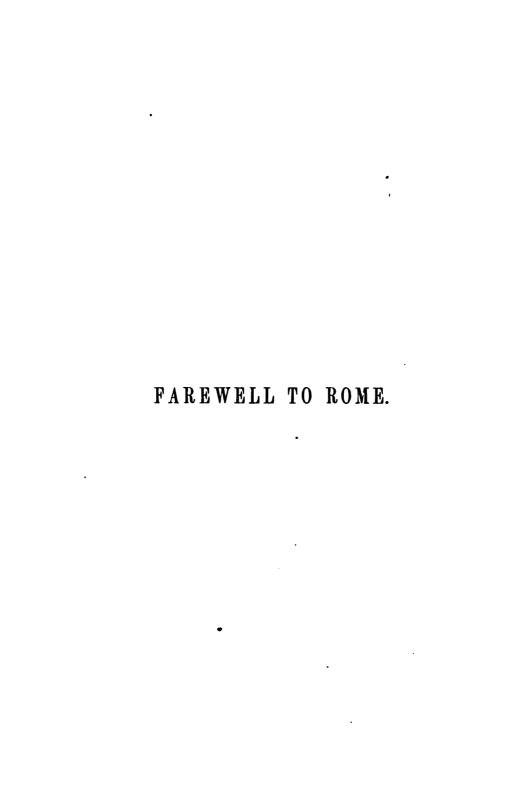
cover, as it were, the impenetrable secrets buried under the stones of each line of ruin which it touches; yet day is not the truest time for wandering silently amongst the Coliseum's ruins.

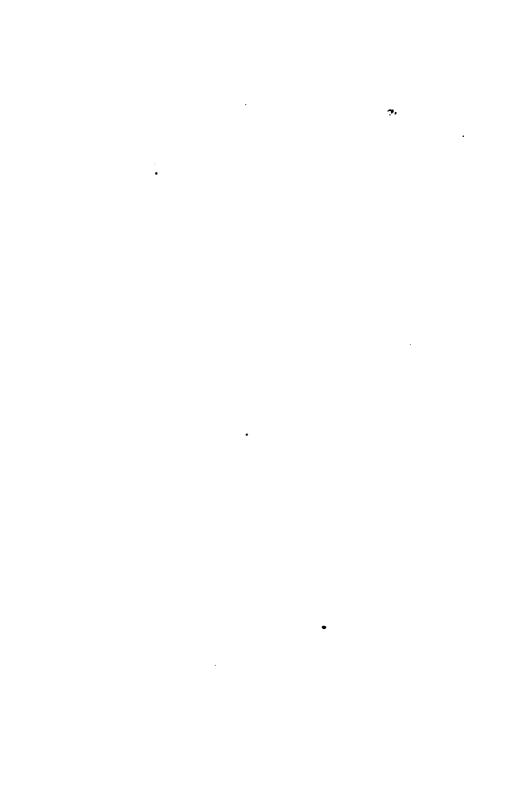
The southern day is almost too bright for such vast and open desolation—something of shadow as well as of light is wanted to temper the mind to its situation, and to assure it really of the changes that have taken place.

But there is a time when the south also has its shadow as well as its light; when the skies are clear and glorious, whilst at the same time the earth, in every nook where man has raised his walls, is somewhat dim and mystical; and it is at that time, when the moonlight has poured its silvery flood over the Sabine hills and the green wilds of the Campagna, and over the churches and temples of Rome, that one should linger about the Coliseum, choosing a night when it is almost deserted, and should endeavour to realize in all their depth and fervour the history and the poetry of the past.

We were once in that ruin at such a time, when there was little, indeed, to disturb our brightest imaginations, and much to gild and glorify them; for there were those with us who were well able to appreciate the spot and the hour; and there was one at our side who was a second Corinne, a very queen of fancy and feeling, and whose genius threw, a still brighter halo around all that was beautiful before.

History has many wonders, Nature many beauties; but there are few places whose memories have a more astonishing import, or which are in some respects more lovely as well as strange than that mighty amphitheatre so crowded once, so deserted now, of yore, like Rome the supreme, to-day like Rome the fallen.





FAREWELL TO ROME.

₩.

And have we been in Rome so long, and not thought of those who once made her glorious? Have we forgotten the great of old, whose shades still float around the places where we have often strayed in sunny idleness? Have they passed away from our fancy, those glorious lives of Orator and Poet, which used so often to delight it? It cannot, indeed, be so, for we have seen where Horace dwelt, and where Virgil sometimes lingered, and we have also stood on the spot where the greatest of Roman orators spent his hours of meditation and seclusion.

Let our farewell then, to the Imperial City be a tribute to one of the last and noblest of her children.

In the last hours of the Roman republic, she gave birth to a company of heroes, whose lives have been her finest epitaph.

There was Cato, with his inflexible virtue, which seemed unconscious of the frailties of man.

There was Pompey, whose name was conquest, and who ruled from sea to sea, like a prince within his own domains.

There was Julius, that Captain of Captains, who after the countless triumphs of Gaul, turned his arms against his country, and passing the last bounds to his ambition, founded a line of emperors which was to remember him a thousand years.

But the first amongst those last of the Romans, the name most dear to posterity, was the glorious child of Arpinum, with his spirit wrapt in thought, and his tongue tipped with fire.

Even now the music of his accents seems to

sound in our ears even as it did when it stirred up the passions of the Forum, or turned the hearts of the judges, and we bend with sadness over the cradle of him, on whose grave the earthquakes of nations have since then left many a trace.

Who can tell what is the destiny of genius, though circumstances may have crippled it, and though events may be not too favourable?

Sprung from the middle ranks of life, with a name more than commonly plebeian, was the future consul of Rome — the Prince and the Father of his country.

It is said, that there were prodigies at his birth, and that a prophecy declared what that child should do for the republic.

In his youth, at least, the orator was already foretold, at the schools it was, who should be the friend of Cicero! whilst his rising fame spread itself, and jealousy was at work against the plebeian.

The first years of Cicero's manhood were of fatal celebrity for his country.

It was the time of a military despotism, when the least look from Sulla could slay the best citizen in Rome.

In the streets, or in their houses, the condemned were cut down where they were met with, whilst their lands changed hands, and the baseness of the informer was rewarded with the patrimony of his victim.

But the voice of Cicero was not silent, and Rocius, in the day of his need, was defended by youthful eloquence against the accusing wrath of Sulla.

The successful orator, leaving the scene of his triumph, where too dangerous a hostility was kindled, retreated to that city which, once the seat of empire, as well of learning, still instructed, where she could no longer subdue.

Athens yet opened her gates to the philosopher and the poet; and in this genial clime, the Roman, ardent after truth, had almost laid aside his ambition, to devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge.

He stayed for some time at Rhodes, where, after declaiming before Apollonius, the rhetorician, he was thus addressed by him:—

"I praise you, Cicero, but I grieve for Greece; her eloquence and her learning were all the glory left her, and these, too, you are bearing to Rome."

After the death of Sulla, Cicero returned to Italy. As a questor in Sicily, he distinguished himself by the performance of his duties; but he found, that in the City, no one cared for what was done in the provinces, and he determined henceforth to be heard of only at Rome. There the flood of his eloquence burst forth to dazzle his countrymen, and Cicero because the prince of orators. He was appointed to the office of Prætor; but a still higher rank was before him.

In the midst of civil dangers, such as had never before beset the republic, the votes of the Roman tribes were to dispose of the first dignity in the world.

The chief of these threatened commotions stretched out his sacrilegious hand to arm it with the first powers of the state; but whilst Catiline was conspiring to corrupt and crush his country, there was at least one man in Rome whose whole soul was bound up in her safety, and at length, on that chair from which the fasces of Brutus had exercised an inexorable justice, whence the sword of Scipio had gone forth to prove itself invincible, and clothed with whose power consul after consul, rejoicing in the deeds of his ancestors, had upheld the honour of Rome, with a dignity worthy of Olympus, sat the simple citizen of Arpinum, whose peaceful virtues alone had enthroned him in the city of Mars.

The ambition of Cicero may have been his weakness, but in this thing at least we may honour and applaud it.

He accepted the honours of his station amidst dangers at which the boldest soldier might have been appalled. The secret bravo was ready, the armed band was in waiting to do the bidding of Catiline. But the virtue of Cicero did not forsake him, and his genius burnt brightly on those altars on which his country had placed it.

And so, by his clear-sighted intelligence, and patriotic courage in the most troubled times of the commonwealth, he crushed the fiercest commotion that had ever threatened it.

But the tendencies of the age, and the lust of power which had taken possession of each successful commander, overcame at last the resistance which was for a time offered to them. Pompey, indeed, professed to be the friend of Cicero, but he raised his power on the ruins of what the latter most cherished—the Roman republic! whilst Cæsar; though a generous enemy, would have been far from relaxing in his ambition at the desire of one who had steadily opposed him.

Nevertheless, he fell at last; yet the name of the great orator is now more fondly cherished, both for genius and patriotism, than the names of any who supplanted him than that of Pompey or of Cæsar, or than his who abandoned him to his assassins—Augustus. And so farewell to the city of Cicero, of him who died with the republic.

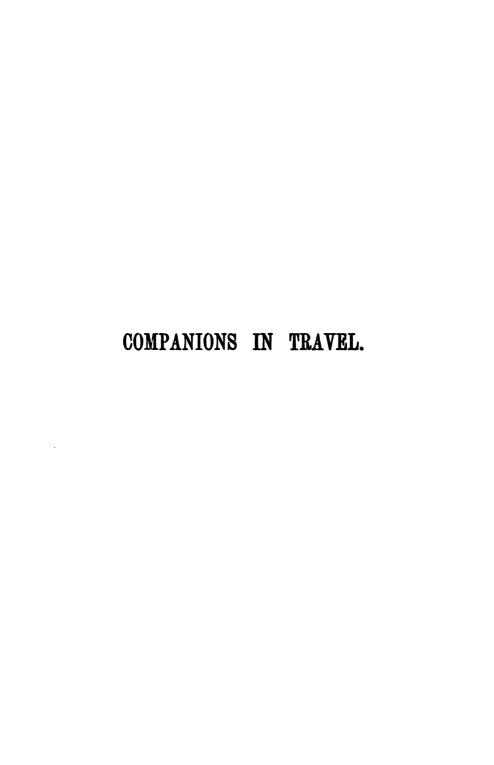
Farewell also to the city of Virgil, of him who wrote a Homeric poem, when the Homeric virtues had already departed, but whose melodious numbers, and whose beautiful ideals remain, a lasting monument to his own and his country's greatness.

Farewell to the city of Horace, of that genial spirit who understood the greatest refinement of thought and of feeling, who was a man of letters and of the world, but who also consecrated to the beauties of pastoral life some of the most harmonious of his fancies.

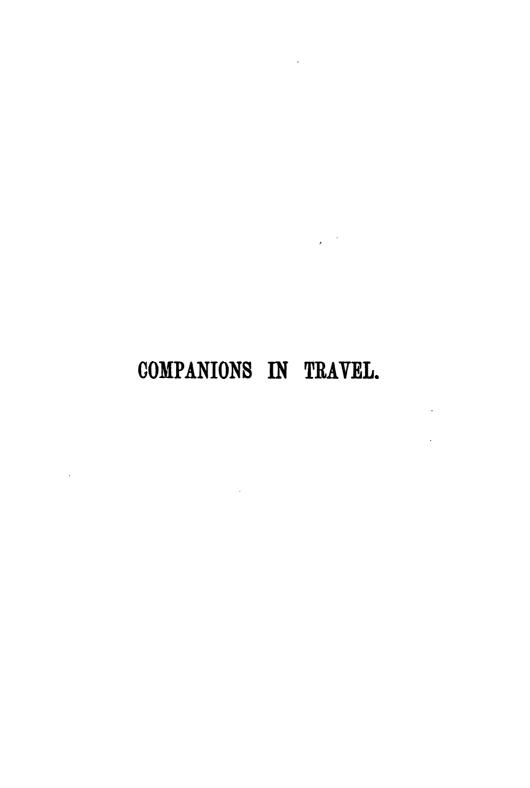
Farewell to the city of those great men of the middle ages, of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and many others, who long lived and toiled in the genial capital of art, and who died there at their labours.

Farewell to Rome, the capital of the past; may she have also a great future before her! and though she will never again be the sovereign of the universe, yet who can say that she will not, by some change in the fate of nations, be once more pre-eminent amongst cities for the culture of her people, the beauty of her adornments, and for her progress in some of the noblest arts of life?

, -		









COMPANIONS IN TRAVEL.

We were travelling from Rome to Terni, in a manner particularly well adapted to improve our acquaintance with the people of the country: it was in a kind of large fly, containing four persons, of whom three were Italians. Unfortunately, however, we were not able to profit by our situation so much as we ought to have done, as our acquaintance with Italian was still very small; so that the knowledge we obtained of our fellow travellers was of a very slight character, and their peculiarities and dispositions cannot here be recorded.

But those who rode in the same carriage with us, were not the only acquaintances whom we made upon the road; for at a roadside inn, before which a number of French soldiers were refreshing themselves after a hot march, we saw a somewhat elderly man, with a long beard, who was rushing about amongst the young soldiers, and apparently saying something to cheer them on their way. He had been accompanied by, or rather had been accompanying, a young man of very agreeable and gentlemanly appearance, upon whose nationality at first we could not decide, though the elder man we took at once for a Frenchman.

We had only to spend one night on the road in going to Terni, and for that night we slept at a small inn, which was the common resort of all the travellers in our caravan of carriages, and at which we found again the old Frenchman with his young companion. We made acquaintance now with the latter, and found that the two had had no previous knowledge of each

other; that they had come on in the same carriage, and had to some extent taken up their quarters together, but had not yet been able to discover each other's character. So that whilst the Frenchman spoke English like an Englishman, and the Englishman spoke French with some facility, they were stumbling on together in bad Italian.

It was fortunate that we did not know enough of Italian to speak it even badly, else we might have added fresh confusion to this Babel; but on addressing the old gentleman in French, we received so ready a reply, that we were not long in discovering, to the astonishment of his English companion, that our new acquaintance was able to speak two languages well, although he spoke Italian so indifferently.

But in any of these languages, and it would have been the same with the Chinese or the Hindoo, our new acquaintance was always ready and willing to converse, and soon told us his whole history. He was the son of a French

The Viscomte was certainly a singular specimen of a cosmopolitan; a shrewd, well-read man, a high conservative, and staunch Bourbonist, a great traveller, a great sportsman, and enjoying the right of shooting over ten thousand acres in Auvergne, which belonged either to himself or his family; and yet, notwithstanding the advantages he possessed, his dress and appearance were hardly those of a respectable person, certainly not of a man of position or property. But though

we were a good deal amused with the characteristics of our fellow travellers, and of others whom we met upon the road, yet the natural beauties of that journey, and the old towns, and the paintings, and the churches, surpassing as a whole anything we had yet seen, surpassing anything that we have seen, absorbed our chief interest, and have made that journey an enduring one.

From time to time you saw a white line stretching up the side of a rocky mountain, and as you drew nearer, discovered it to be one of the cities of the hills, a place famous, perhaps, in past ages, its houses one above the other hanging like nests to the cliffs. Then there were the falls of Terni, embosomed in mountain and woodland, and rushing down in a watery avalanche of sublime power over their lofty precipice.

Perugia detained us for a day. Perugia, with its narrow streets and arches, and avenues, its oddly projecting and variously coloured houses, and above all, with its school of Perugino, and its first picture of Raphael. Perugino is there in all the quiet force, well defined form, and dignified attitudes, which constitute some of the chief features of his great works. Then there is Raphael's earliest picture, genius trying to express itself though as yet with but an uncertain conception.

On this journey, too, we passed the lake of Thrasymene, one of the battle-fields between the two great republics, and on which for a time Carthage was victorious. But Rome was at that time secure in well-grounded laws and institutions, in patrician worth and genius, and plebeian patriotism, so that a nation like Carthage, made up of a few freemen and more slaves, could not be expected ultimately to prevail against her.

The Italian climate, as we now felt it in May, is a most delightful one for the traveller; it is neither too hot nor too cold, and is almost always dry, whilst in many districts you get plenty of

fresh air from the mountains. Of an evening indeed, in a mountainous neighbourhood, the air felt almost too bracing even in May, and we were glad generally to have a fire lighted when we reached our quarters for the night. On our way, as it grew dark, we saw for the first time, one of the glories of Italian nights; for, amongst the deepest shadows of the fir-groves, countless fire-flies, like meteors on their flight, were continually glancing to and fro. But Florence was again reached, and there we found ourself deep in the glories of paintings, and churches, and palaces, and in the society of those who were able to direct our observations, and to give double zest to them.

•		

FLORENCE.



FLORENCE.

This is Florence once more; we last saw it when hurrying away from the passport office, and rushing to the station, and when we almost wished that such a place as Florence had never been in existence. But we saw it also a few hours earlier, bathed in soft sunlight, Fiesole, and many a surrounding hill smiling down upon the city and the Arno, and everything giving us fresh health and enjoyment. Florence seemed now more beautiful than ever; it lay in a still brighter sunshine than when we had last seen it, and it welcomed us to a comparison of its

beauties with those of Rome. And why should we not be ready to compare them, for though very different, they have also some points of resemblance. At Rome, there was the mighty St. Peter's, the monarch of the Campagna; at Florence, the dome from which Michael Angelo's was taken, lies deep amidst the boundaries of the Appenines.

At Rome there was the Forum and its temples; that vast wreck, the Coliseum; the lofty wall of the baths of Caracalla, and the wide spread Campagna, crossed by the remains of some of the greatest works of the ancients. At Florence such relics, full of so wondrous a meaning, and strangely representing the most distant past, are wholly wanting; but in their place is the Palazzo Vecchio, still massive and entire, as it was when the podestas of the republic used it as a stronghold of justice. The ducal palace, the gardens, the churches, the statues in the squares, and the works of art in the galleries, speak also of those days

when Florence was a great city, possessing noble, independent privileges, or ruled by some family whose name was an honour to its subjects.

What, politically, Florence is now, is but too evident to those who have studied her condition for the last few years, who have witnessed the spiritless apathy of some minds, and the fierce enthusiasm of others, and have considered how many glorious deeds might be done in such a city and in such a clime, if the present were as full of life and energy as was once the past. But when the Florentine republic was powerful, it was also often shaken by strong internal dissensions, and was sometimes brought under the dominion of one powerful family.

The fiercest of these disturbances took place during the great feud of the Guelfs and the Ghibelines. The Visconti also occupied the city for a time, though they were driven out of it by a popular insurrection, and finally the Medici became its rulers.

In those days of commotion there was often battle and turnalt both within and without the city, and when the booming of the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio was heard along its streets, and far down the fair valley of the Arno, then it was known either that a foreign foe was approaching the gates, or that one armed faction in the republic was endeavouring to obtain the mastery of the government. It was during one of the most famous of these struggles, that Florence sent forth into exile the greatest and noblest of her sons; him, the bitterness of whose spirit added to its beauty, when, in the Divina Commedia, he, in different ways, immortalised his age.

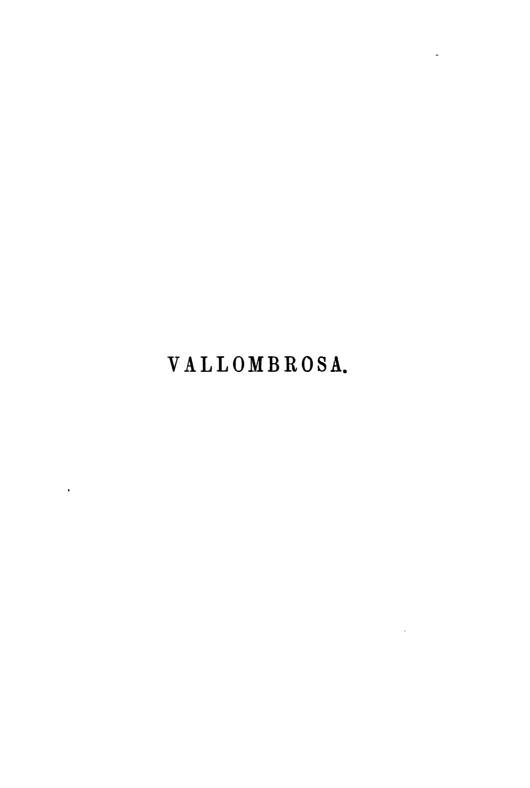
But in later times, the Medici, by their encouragement of genius almost effaced from the annals of their city, the wrong which had been done its glory by the expulsion of Italy's own Dante.

It is difficult now to realise all the changes that have taken place in a city where nature is still so unchanged, and often so tranquil—where no forests have been hewn down to make way for civilised man—where no wild tracts have been peopled, and where language and race have remained much the same for thousands of years -yet it is undoubtedly true, that Florence, that beautiful city, with its blue sky, its golden hills, its softly-flowing river, and its shining domes, has witnessed, and does witness, far more frequent and sudden revolutions than have taken place in other lands, where man has had to contend even within a moderate historical period, within a thousand, or sometimes within a hundred years, first against the overgrowth of nature, next against a stern climate, and lastly against the stern billows which bear its commerce.

But Florence is still great—great in recollections; but more especially in the treasures of art stored up in her palaces and churches, which distinction she owes chiefly to the Medici. To know what the Tuscan capital now is, you must not only wander in the shade of the palace gardens, or along the river's bank, or under the marble walls of the churches; you must not only see the fair city when bathed in some glorious sunset, as it may be seen from its watchtower hill, Fiesole, but you must also spend many of your hours in the galleries which a munificent taste has peopled with the creations of undying genius.

Amongst these you may linger at morning or at noon, and you may spend your evening hours beside the river, or where amongst the shadowy trees the fire-flies waken the dark night with their dazzling trail.

Florence is now like a palace of nature and of art, placed where it is for the enjoyment of the traveller, the man of taste, and the historian; it still reminds us of what it has been—it is still bright and beautiful, but there is a shadow also resting upon it—the shadow of intolerance, ignorance, and foreign supremacy.



-			

VALLOMBROSA.

It has been said that Milton took his description of the garden of Eden from Vallombrosa and its neighbouring scenes; and, indeed, the description of the river and the hill would suit well the Val d'Arno, whilst the lawns and downs about the hills, with flocks feeding over them, and flowers of every hue scattered around, would answer to the appearance of the more open, grassy lands in the rear of the monastery. The approach to it is really described in these lines:—

[&]quot;Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades High overarch'd embower."

The path to the monastery of Vallombrosa leads, for several miles, through a magnificent forest of chesnuts; then you climb up high amongst the mountains, and find the monastery seated at the foot of the last slopes.

But we must begin our journey; and to do this, start from Florence. Let us go out into the street, find one of the open carriages, which are always standing about, and request the driver to take us to Pelago. There you leave your charioteer to find his way back to Florence, and, instead of one of the regular attendants upon travellers, engage a picturesque-looking peasant, to carry your sac de nuit for you to the monastery.

Now the scenery begins. The mountains that you have been gazing at for perhaps weeks past, are before you, and amongst their recesses you expect to find shelter and entertainment.

The walk is an easy one, not so much from the path being less rugged than some of the Alpine mule tracks, along which either mule or man must have a painful scramble, as because the air is bracing and delicious, whilst the eye can rest at every turn on deep groves of chesnuts,—making a still but not sad shade.

And now you are on your way to the monastery—the monastery! How many thoughts of by-gone ages does not that word summon up! And the pedestrian, quietly sauntering up to see the institution of former times still filling a sort of vacant place amongst the mountains, may remember how, amongst our own hills and valleys,—how, by the course of the Wye, and under the shadow of Glastonbury, Tor, similar edifices, similar places of abode and worship once flourished.

With us, many a brilliant episode of history, many a modern invention and institution, have almost effaced from our recollection the fat abbot, and the jolly monks, and their flocks and herds, and well-filled cellars, such as the novelist delights to paint them; but in Italy, whose triumphs, whose reforms, whose greatness, are of

a period antecedent to ours, there has been little to change the feelings of the people, or to make them wonder that the same friars, black and gray, should be seen walking about leisurely amongst them, as were seen at the time when bluff Hal rode roughshod over the monastery walls of England; at the time also when our proudest ships were but clumsy barks of small tonnage; when our largest cities were but villages, compared to what our smallest cities are now; and when communication between town and town was intercepted by bogs, by waterholes, by absence of roads, by robbers, and by a lack of hostelries. Then it was, and only then, that monasteries in our island, always teeming with eager life, could be tolerated, or could serve any useful purpose; and then it was that the pilgrim, or wandering knight or merchant, riding far by moss and forest, might rejoice to find a shelter, as night drew on, under a roof where he could be sure of friendly treatment.

But to us all this sounds now but as an old romance. We seat ourselves on the tombs of the most venerated abbots, and look quietly at the crumbling walls, and empty casements, and ivy-grown gateways, amongst which they once held rule, without a thought of the possibility of such long-fallen tenements ever rising again into the semblance of life and reality.

But when you are in the south, when you are in Italy, you find yourself a few ages older than you were before. With an easy stride, you recross the immense chasm of habit, of faith, and of action, which in your own country lies between you and a distant past, and find yourself again face to face with buildings whose existence at home was coeval with the invention of printing, and has ever since ceased to be.

But though now we have a real, actual monastery before us, yet the Glastonbury of a former age was, we imagine, something very different from the Vallombrosa of this. The first, indeed, was too wealthy; it tempted the more practical layman to think that, for a self-denying body, the monks were absorbing too much of the fat of the land. It is true that they were bound to be charitable; but if their charity was such as is now dispensed in Italy, where the country is overrun with the most uncleanly beggars, it could not, in the long run, have done much to benefit the poor.

We should say, however, from what we saw of it, that Vallombrosa does not seem likely to be confiscated for its wealth, which seemed to consist chiefly of the mud eels that are caught in the ponds near the gates, and which form the staple of the monastery fare.

But we are now anticipating, although our walk did not take long—and we may suppose ourself to be standing at the monastery gate—waiting for the hospitable and kind-hearted monks to admit us within their walls.—This they did, and with every appearance of welcome; and we were soon in possession of apartments, not the most cheerful certainly, since their

bare walls were only garnished with one or two very durable chairs; but no, there was, we believe, a sofa in the sitting-room, or something, at least, which might have been intended to bear that name; and, in any case, we were better off under the roof of such polite hosts than we should have been in some rude country inn, where, between the coarse landlord and his coarser fare, we might have chanced to wish ourself in the humblest roadside ale-house of our own country. So, after all, the monastery was for us quite a better sort of inn; and though our couch was somewhat a penitential one, yet we contrived, by the assistance of a strong feeling of fatigue, and of the bracing nature of the air, to convert our waking penance into a slumber of an agreeable character, which left us in the morning quite refreshed and active.

We had been during the night monarch of a long suite of rooms, for there was no one, we believe, to dispute our sway over the wing of the house in which we slept, and which would have seemed very empty indeed if we had indulged in a midnight excursion in search of any inhabited corner.

We were early risers that morning; and the monks rose early too; so there was nothing to prevent our having breakfast in good time, or our sallying out afterwards with a good day before us, in order to see (to use a somewhat convenient term) what could be made of the neighbourhood.

The neighbourhood was indeed charming; there was the mountain-top before us, there were the chesnut woods all round, and the monastery looking out of them like the abode, as one might fancy it, of some early colony amongst the forests of another continent. A few of the monks were about, and, after saluting them, we began to climb the hill, startling, sometimes, from their resting-places the wild little sheep, which looked back warily at us as they bounded from rock to rock. From the

summit of this hill we saw, what none can see and forget—a sea of leaf below us, encircling the monastery roofs, and stretching down the hills, and spreading far on through the valleys; then mountain looking at mountain across the fair valley of the Arno, and, in the midst of that valley, Florence, with all her towers, her broad stream and monastery-crowned heights slumbering in the distant sunlight.

We were satisfied. We had seen, too, what the great minstrel had probably beheld, and which he remembered so well afterwards, when his eye was closed to all present earthly scenes.—Yes! had not Milton stood near, perhaps on that very spot? and his spirit was still hovering round; and the sweet music of his mighty verse might well have caught some of its deepest harmony from that tender breeze, from that exquisite sunlight, from those scenes of surprising beauty.

On ascending again to the monastery, we found a large foraging party of monks sur-

rounding a pond, in which eels were being caught by some bare-legged peasant boys. The scene was a very striking one, or at least, highly characteristic, and might have done we should think, for the subject of a picture, called "Monks among the Mountains."

These brethren of Vallombrosa seemed to be very easy, good-natured people, indolently and yet eagerly happy and kind. In other parts you see many a bony form clad in white serge, who looks certainly neither clean nor comfortable; but in Vallombrosa the monks are more naturally dressed, look more natural, and do not put on so sad a face before strangers. So friendly, indeed, and hospitable were our entertainers, that we began to regret more than ever, that Italian, the easiest language of any, should be the only one commonly used in travel, that we were not acquainted with. This we especially regretted, on receiving a formal call from one of the superiors of the monastery, who seemed to be an agreeable, gentlemanly man, and whose meaning we could partly understand, though we could not well answer him. In consequence of this want of Italian on our part, a very broken colloquy, something like the following, took place.

- "The Signor has doubtless enjoyed his visit to Florence?"
 - "Much, Signor."
- "The Signor's carriage brought him to Pelago, did it not, and from thence he walked?"
 - "Yes, Signor."
- "I am sorry that the Signor only speaks our language a little; but what does he think of Vallombrosa?"
 - "Very beautiful, Signor."
- "So all strangers say; there was an English party here a fortnight since, who admired it extremely—there were two ladies and two gentlemen, the ladies, and of course the gentlemen also, lodging, as they always do, you know, in the outbuilding; it is possible that they were friends of the Signor; when I mention their names he may know them; their name was—

let me see—yes—it was Rikards; but it is the book, you call it Rikards, do you not?"

"Yes, Richards; but I do not."

"The Signor does not know them! but perhaps he knows some of my own countrymen in Florence and elsewhere who are friends of mine."

Upon this the good monk enters into details about his friends, sufficient to amuse and surprise us, and he seems quite the man of the world when talking about them.

After a midday meal we left the monastery behind us, and again returned towards Florence. The living acting world was once more before us, and we knew not how men as clever and thoughtful as our courteous visitor appeared to be, a man, too, who was without restraint or bigotry, could devote himself to such a secluded and unnatural existence even amongst the glorious shades of Vallombrosa. Nevertheless, oh Vallombrosa! it is well for travellers like ourself when they set forth on mountain

rambles whither, they scarcely know, whilst the sweet air and the grand scenes of nature are constantly drawing them on, to have walls like thine to shelter them when the day's work is completed. Well, too, for them when they can repose still longer than we did amidst such glorious shades, and can find a fitting harmony for their thoughts, in the voices of a great soul which could soar like a bird out of its cage from the blindness and sorrow of the day into the sunlight of remembered nature, and into yet greater imagined glories of the beyond. Yes, the voice hushed these two centuries, but full of living music still, and the eyes closed to the light without, and seeking for it within; these, to one who has come from the same northern Isle which claimed Milton as her son, do, indeed, give a mystic beauty to chesnut wood, and blue mountain, and distant view of the vale and river, besides that which they of themselves possess.

Say what we will, every one of a thoughtful

mind, however inclined to treat life cavalierly, must feel, if he never did before, the immensity of his fate as man, and the grandeur of a single mind, when he finds himself on the same spot over which some hero of thought or action—be it a Milton, or a Howard, or a Wellington—has been passing before him; and if it be memories of a great poet that he recalls amidst pensive and beautiful scenes, how truly then will genius vindicate its rights and maintain its sway over the mind that has ever felt its power.

And so in bidding adieu to Vallombrosa we still cherish amongst its best memories those of the brilliant youth, the friend of the great men of Italy, of princes, and cardinals, and philosophers, but who preferred leaving the honoured home which he had found in the South when he heard of the contentions of his own land, and returned to follow the dictates of his conscience, and to pen those letters which made the genius of England as much admired as her power was feared; and who, afterwards, when his active

life was over, sat still waiting for thought till it came to him in a flood of sunshine like that showered over thy chesnut woods, Vallombrosa!

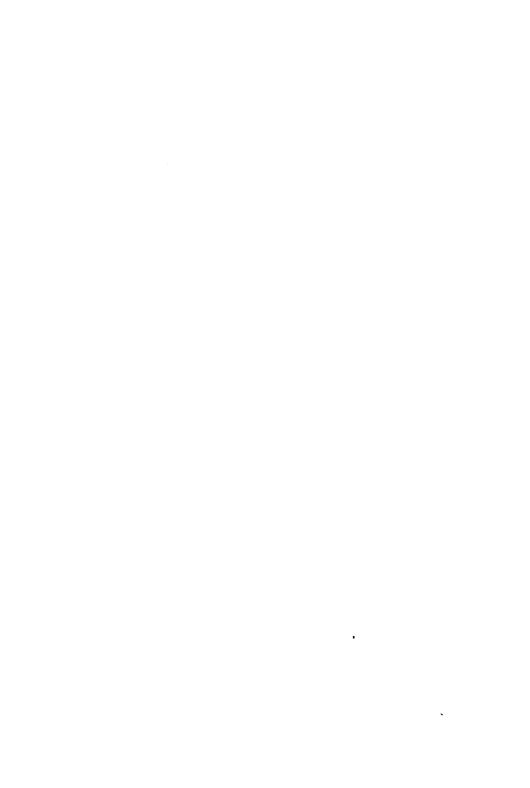
On our way back to Florence, after the walk through the woods was accomplished, we found ourself travelling on in one of the carriages of the country, in which our companion was a slight, short, pale young man, of no very distinct appearance, but who was full of good humour and conversation.

We learned from him that he was a countryman of the great Napoleon—a Corsican by birth; that he had served with the French army in Africa, where he had been in many a dashing skirmish, but that he had left Algeria and come over to Italy shortly before the great revolutionary outbreak, in which he had taken an active part in it as an officer of the Tuscan forces.

We passed through a village into which he had ridden, he said, at the head of his men when the country was all open to the Italians; and he related to us, with great gaiety, some stories of the war, not being so much affected by its conclusion, perhaps, as a native Tuscan would have been, whilst the actual work of the campaign seemed to have been an amusement for him, which he could class amongst his most pleasant recollections.

When we were again in Florence, walking along its gay river side, or looking across at its ducal palace, or watching the sunshine gleam over its churches; it was strange to us to think how one day only had brought us in from those secluded walls to this brilliant city; and the wonder at man's aptitude for various positions and places, even when these are near enough to each other to afford the most astonishing contrast, was not lessened when we reflected that there are here and there priestly restrictions quite as traditional, and convent walls quite as high in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland as in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.

ROVING.



ROVING.

In the course of our travels we have not unfrequently felt a strange kind of satisfaction in roving away from the friends we were with, and from the scenes with which we were becoming familiar, and then, with all the appliances of steamer and railway, and in some places of diligence also, making our way to some other spot which would, as we thought, either suit our health better, or give us more opportunity of observation.

It was so at Florence. We were living

exactly agreed with our own, and who had made our visit to Florence one never to be forgotten. Still we began to long for change as the June weather came on, and as the squares grew hotter and hotter, and the breezes of the Alps seemed to our fancy more and more refreshing; so we left our friends in Florence with promises of meeting again amongst the Alps, left even the old Vicomte, left the South behind us, and found ourself, with a homeward feeling, on the way to Leghorn.

There, however, we had some difficulties to encounter before we could fairly set sail from the land of poetry and painting, but which is also that of passports and police.

We understood that the steamer was in the harbour ready to start at any moment, so we took a carriage at the railway station, and drove down as fast as possible to the pier.

On our way, we were boarded by a very unpleasant-looking, large, and gaunt individual,

who stated himself to be a commissionaire, and who declared that we were too late for the steamer. "Push on," we said to the driver; but the commissionaire kept his place on the step, and next requested us to inform him whether our passport had been viséd. Unfortunately it had not; but far more unfortunate still was it that we, in a moment of extreme innocence, instead of keeping our passport and trying to get on board with it, seeing that at Genoa there would not have been much difficulty in doing so, gave it up to the gaunt commissionaire, who promised, with loud asseverations, that he would bring it to us as soon as possible.

We now leapt into a boat, hoping that he would follow us immediately, and rowed up to the side of the steamer; she was just going, and the custom-house officers had deserted her, so there would have been no one on board to examine whether our passport was viséd or not; but we could not start without it, and the steamer was under weigh; she was gone,

and we were left alone in the wide harbour waiting for the precious document. Very few unnecessary words passed between us and the commissionaire when he did return with the passport; but we totally declined the honour of going to his hotel, and even refused, we believe, to pay him for the work which he had done.

Now then there was a trial to our patience, a detention at Leghorn; but as by this time we were pretty well accustomed to the various changes and devices of travel, we had soon hired a carriage, and making ourselves as comfortable in it as we could, told the driver to take us to Pisa, and there we revisited some of that interesting series of pictures that we had before become acquainted with. But we had to return back again to Leghorn, through the gates, and up to the hotel, where we should have to spend the night.

In order to pass our time pleasantly and profitably, we purchased a copy of De Quincy's Opium Eater, at an English shop in the place, and then, book in hand, settled in for the evening.

But it seemed as if our dangers and difficulties were not to vanish with the morning, for we heard rumours in the hotel that there was something wrong with the machinery of thisday's steamer. Some one who was going by the same boat, mentioned it to us; and, after a time, in came the engineer of the steamer himself, to confirm the report.

From what our fellow-passenger, however, had hinted, and from our own private convictions also, we felt pretty sure that the machinery would not have been broken if there had been more than three persons wanting to go to Genoa. As it was, we had to listen to quite a speech from the engineer, explaining to us how it was that the machinery had most unfortunately received such an unforseen injury. It did not suit our John Bull notions to express our belief in what he had said, nor our personal convenience to act upon his statement; so we

said very little, except expressing our resolution to go on, in whatever condition the machinery might be.

After the engineer was gone, finding that our fellow-passenger was anxious also to start, we persuaded him to go with us to the steamer-office; and there, after showing a bold front, were informed that the steamer would be ready at the time first intended.

"Nothing like standing up for your rights," thought we, as we very comfortably paid our bill, collected our boxes, and with a passport, now without flaw, proceeded to the harbour, and got on board the steamer. But here our troubles did not quite end, for the gaunt commissionaire of the day before was on the deck, and raved at us for not paying him his demand. On again considering the matter, we paid him the strict official price of the visés, keeping back his own fees as a punishment for his barefaced imposition.

And now we soon reached, for the second

time, the blue mountains and palaces of Genoa, and again trod on the soil of the freeman,—a happy change, even for the passing traveller, from Papal and Tuscan despotism.

From Genoa, we took our place in a diligence for Milan; but had the satisfaction of being late at the office, so that we got a bad place, and had to listen all day, and all night, as it seemed to us, whilst sitting in our uneasy corner, to the heart-breaking gutturals of a German Jew, who went squeaking on in the seat beside us.

At last, to our very great comfort, we reached Milan, and forgot even that we were in the hot-bed of Austrian oppression whilst experiencing that relief to our joints and our ears, which we could not but feel after long confinement in a painful position side by side with that excruciating voice.

On the same evening we were drinking coffee in the open square under the grand cathedral, from whose tower the line of the Alps is plainly visible; and on the following day we were on our way to Lake Como, to enjoy lake and mountain with all the joy of summer, over them.

But our summer, as we shall presently relate, was not yet to be an unbroken one. But first we reached Lake Como, and boated across, and then, in a carriage, crossed over to the Lago Lugano.

Certainly those lakes are almost perfect; they are not so grand as some lakes—not so solitary and full of feeling as others; but then their climate is almost always calm and bright; their vegetation is rich and luxuriant; and they seem like kindly friends to their magnificent neighbours, the Alps, which tower beyond them.

On that day we crossed the Lago Lugano, rowed by some boatmen who were Swiss by birth, and thoroughly patriotic, and for whom the Austrian government was an ogre from whose grasp they would have snatched its victims if they could. We, however, did not claim their assistance as

refugees, but were not the less pleased to find the old spirit still remaining in the breasts of the Swiss.

Their oars kept time with a merry sound, heard softly amongst those mountains as our boatmen crossed the main lake, down which we looked as through a grand gulf. We then entered a bay on the other side, and landed at the small town of Lugano, in Switzerland, which name has been one of safety for many a homeless wanderer flying from the eager gendarmes of Austria.—Switzerland, the heroic land which the great powers, greedy for still greater power, have not yet been able to swallow up !—Switzerland, to the English schoolboy, the land of Tell and Winkelred!—to the English tourist, of lake and mountain scenes, by which both his mind and his body have been stirred into glorious activity.

It was the next day that our summer was over—true, it was but the beginning of June;—true, the sun shone brilliantly around us, and

gave lake, and forest, and mountain all the splendour of its light; — and yet next day our summer was over, but only for a very short time.

It was in the chesnut woods which line the grand mountain gorges before you reach the St. Gothard, that we left summer behind us. It was in the sledge which was to take us over the snowy Alp, that we found winter waiting for us. For about an hour we were dragged over the snow sitting vis-à-vis to a cosmopolitan—a Frankfort merchant, who seemed tolerably indifferent to the means of travel, so long as he returned to his office in the Germanic city on the day we had intended to; and if any one had offered him a dromedary as the best means of crossing the mountain, no doubt he would have gladly accepted it.

With such a companion, and in the rough state of the track also, any romance was difficult to be got at; still, we could not but look with delight on the frozen arches covering the mountain torrents, and on the sledges winding on in front of us, and on the snowy rocks all around.

It was amusing to change again from the light, gliding sledge, into the heavy, lumbering diligence; and not less amusing, though also somewhat critical, to find ourselves rushing down the side of the pass, with no rail between us and the precipice, at as rapid a pace as our horses could be forced to.

On reaching Andermatt, we were in a country well remembered; for there, some years before, we had taken ponies, and crossed the Grimsel and Furca, riding over the roughest roads that the fancy of man, not to say his hands, ever created. There was a rock to climb up or drop down from at every step, or else a fallen avalanche to slide over, or a narrow timber bridge over some wild torrent, to try the steadiness of our steeds; but they proved right well used to their

ground, and bore us bravely to the foot of the grandly-stretched-out Rhone glacier, where we spent the night in a very small house, a sort of temporary refuge for travellers.

Recollections of these things crossed our mind as we once more passed Andermatt; and we could again see our party of four, each in his own particular manner, for there was considerable difference of character amongst us, singling out a shaggy steed, and putting him through his paces, before beginning the ascent of the mountain.

But Andermatt was left behind us, and we had passed through Altorf, in which Tell struck the apple, and then, reaching the lake, we embarked on a steamer for Lucerne.

Lucerne is on a quiet, meadowy bay at the head of a lake remarkable for its historical associations, for the solemn grandeur of its mountains, and for its being, as it were, the first fastness of the Alps, the road to the south, and

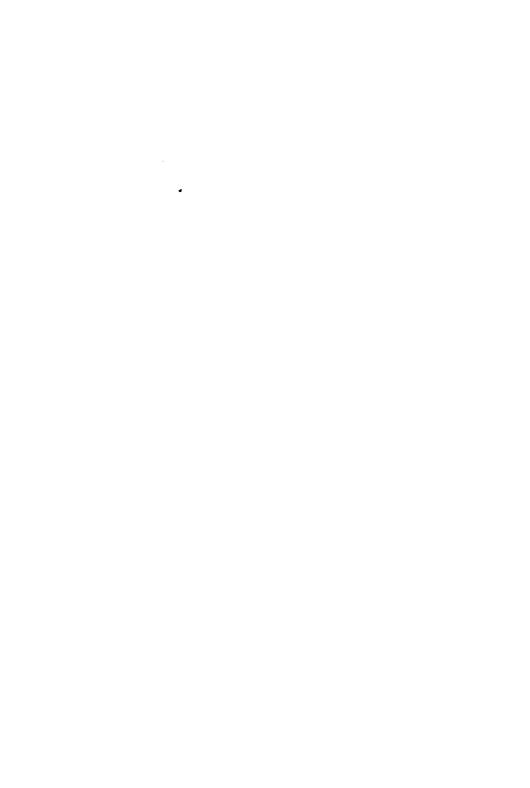
a great gathering-place of the children of the north, who are desirous of seeing mountain scenery near and distant, and of every character.

Pilatus, described in Anne of Geierstein, rises above the town of Lucerne, and the clouds so often floating over it in dark majesty, from peak to peak, make it seem like the gateway to some mysterious region whose wonders it conceals.

The Rigi also is near Lucerne, and after one of several ascents of this mountain, we saw some of the grandest poetry that nature can give us, when out of the cold, dark mist of night appeared to rise a golden star, which was not a star, but a mountain summit, the distant Yungfrau of the Oberland, seen across a tumultuous sea of mists and mountains; and then other starry peaks, lit up by the first rich beams of the sun, were successively seen, and afterwards the whole panorama of that wonderful spot, countless lakes, mountains, all wild and gigantic, and

battle-fields of mighty import, opened upon us, and gave that morning its never-dying memories.

THE PASS AT NIGHT.



THE PASS AT NIGHT.

NIGHT at sea, with the stars shining serenely over it, and no bounds to its calm beauty, which seems to woo you as if it had real life and meaning. This is one form under which Night most gloriously veils herself, and which gives us a tranquil happiness and an extent of mental enjoyment in no other way to be realised.

Night, again, in some quiet chamber, whilst the night gives you solitude and yet companionship; silence, yet with it also a sweeter music than any sound—a harmony of thought and feeling with all things in that sublime world, whose existence you can now truly realise, your ideas not being tampered with by the mere temporary affairs of the busy day. This is another form of night, under which its power over the mind is most exercised, and its beauty most intensely realised.

But there are also times, even, in the calm, silent night, when you long greatly for action, when you would fain be on the mountain, wandering, as it were, amongst the stars, and looking down into the gloomy depths below, which seem to feel but little of that celestial brightness from above. Nor is this all; for you would like, also, to bound from rock to rock through the darkness, to thread the loneliest pathway of the deepest wood, to mount by some track, however steep and rugged, to the summit of the dim hills beyond, and to descend again by other paths into some distant ravine.

This was once our feeling, although the little

Swiss inn we were stopping at, afforded no bad rest and entertainment to a traveller, who, like us, had walked many a mile that day. Night, too, was now setting in, and our impulse of wandering through it was not fully shared by our guide, who was to be seen sitting in the chimney nook, smoking his pipe and listening to the landlord's tale, evidently impressed with the idea, that his present berth would do very well for an hour or two longer, and that then he might turn into bed.

The landlord, a fine athletic specimen of the chamois hunter and mountaineer, had just come to the crisis of his story.

"Well, you see, Henry and Felix had wandered about thus for three days, without meeting with anything, and being now at last within view of the chamois, could not allow their only opportunity to slip by. Felix being the most expert mountaineer, descended backwards on his hands and knees a fearfully steep snow drift in the side of the mountain, holding on all the while as

well as be could to the crumbling snow with one hand, whilst with the other he held up his gun. At last, he had almost reached the bottom; but there was a chasm at that spot which he could not pass, so he lay down on the snow, levelled his carbine, and prepared to fire at the nearest chamois. It was a long shot, but Felix had a steady hand, and the chamois made two leaps and then fell down over some rocks into a cleft below.

"Henry, seeing what had happened, and the rest of the herd having now escaped in another direction, descended carefully to join Felix, and they both tried in every way to find some means by which they might pick up the fallen chamois. It was all in vain; they went round and round the place above and below, and having a piece of cord with them, Felix was lowered some way towards the fallen chamois. He could see where it lay quite dead, but he could not reach it, the cord being too short, so the fruitless endeavour was given up, and Henry and Felix,

with great difficulty, after all their fatigues, clambered up the snow drift again, and reached their village before night.

"The next day, they, and one or two more, set out with strong ropes, and to Felix's joy, he found, when he was lowered down, that the birds of prey had not yet begun to attack the dead animal, so he fastened a rope to the carcase, and it was drawn up the chasm, and with great difficulty conveyed home by the hunters."

Just as the landlord had said his last word, to which we listen unperceived; our poor guide was roused by our saying, "Are you ready? we agreed, you know, to cross the pass to night."

When his soliloquy was disturbed by this simple question, he looked first, doubtful whether he had rightly understood what was said to him, then with a sigh shook out the ashes from his pipe; after which he turned to the landlord, as much as to say, "How comfortable

he will be when I am out in the cold." Then he raised his head, as if listening to the wind or rain, and finally addressed us, somewhat pathetically, to enquire if it was really our intention to go on that night, or if we were only joking.

"It will take us several hours," said he, "to cross the pass; there is no moon, the path is very rugged and lonely, and we shall be overcome with fatigue before our journey's end."

None of these reasonings, however, had much weight with us. We had not been listening to all the landlord's stories, smoking our pipe in the chimney nook; we had not decided in our own mind on spending the night where we were; we felt no fatigue, and such a love of novelty and adventure moved us as certainly did not fire our guide. By degrees, however, we got him outside with his pack on his shoulders; and when once in the air he was ready enough to go on, and started off at a smart pace up the mountain side. There were stars shining brightly above us, and looking down into the

recesses of the mountains, but sometimes clouds flitting over the stars would hide them for a moment; whilst, at other times, we were in the midst of a pine forest, which made the night so dark, that we could only feel how we were progressing; whilst sometimes, again, all the glory of the night would burst upon us, and the starry skies, the mountains, and the pine trees, would suddenly awake, as it were from their slumbers, whilst a few large trees and rocks stood at our side, and mountain torrents only raved and foamed through the stillness.

On we went, and neither the guide or the traveller said much to each other of their thoughts as they wandered up the lone mountain side. The guide probably was still thinking how hard it was to be deprived of his story, and his pipe. The traveller was dreaming, and wondering to himself as he went on, through the midst of one of the most mystic, but also one of the sublimest scenes that could be witnessed in nature.

But the summit of the pass was gained, and other ravines and valleys lay stretching away dimly before us — whither we could not tell. There was a small house at this spot, in which we rested and refreshed ourselves, and here again our guide, if we had suffered him, would have been quite willing to stretch out his limbs, if only on the hard boards, and wait until dawn, where he now found himself. But this arrangement, though so congenial to the feelings of our companion, would not have suited us; so, with less difficulty than before, we persuaded him of our firm intention to proceed, and were soon descending the mountain, and passing from rock to rock on our path as fast as the darkness would permit us.

It was now that the grandest moment came, for as we descended the rocky side of the mountain gulf, we seemed to be sinking down deeper and deeper into the darkness, whilst the stars shone out faintly over the edges of the ravine; and then suddenly a pine forest was before us, and we were lost again in its depths, stumbling about amongst the rocks, keeping our alpenstock between us and the precipice, and listening occasionally to the tales of our guide, as he told of some unlucky wight approaching too near the edge of the path, and had fallen over into the ravine below.

Then again we had threaded our way through the labyrinth of rocks and trees, and stood out beyond, amongst the pastures of the mountains, and with the valley not far below us.

On again, and with a light step, we made our last descent, trod swiftly over the level ground, and were soon amongst the cottages of Meiningen. The inmates of all the cottages and inns were asleep, but we gave a sufficient pull at the bell of the inn, and soon woke up the astonished household to a sense of the presence of a traveller, who, for his own particular pleasure, had been crossing the Brunig at night. Our attempt at sleep afterwards was quite as



230 THE PASS AT NIGHT.

successful as our walk had been, and the next morning we were ready early for another stroll up one of the neighbouring passes.

LA CROIX BLANCHE.



LA CROIX BLANCHE.

Travelling and seeing—these terms, we suppose, ought to be synonymous, but that they very often are not, will be considered a defensible position by most persons who can look back over their own journies, and consider how much they might have noticed and noted—observed and reflected upon, which they have disregarded and passed by.

Sometimes, indeed, accident comes to the assistance of the traveller, and at the very moment when he is least inclined to fatigue himself by climbing up a mountain, or visiting a

church, he finds that his good fortune introduces him to some incident which serves to wile a few hours at the time, and which may be often and pleasantly remembered afterwards.

Sometimes, it is an avalanche which fell last winter, which we hear of whilst resting at some village hospice, and about which we proceed to collect all the anecdotes and facts that may serve to place the event vividly before us, and at the same time to increase our interest in, and recollection of, the place where it occurred.

Sometimes, again, it is the party in numero cinq who engross our fancy, and cause us to spend a rather excited evening, whilst we are making rash surmises about their intentions and appearance.

Sometimes, when, as we have said, the fatigue of our journey has given us a plea for rest and relaxation, some local, or even some European lion, chances to fall in our way, and to give us an excellent excuse for a day or two more of idleness.

The Hôtel de la Croix Blanche at Brienz, on the lake of the same name, is rendered memorable on our journal, by one of these meetings with somewhat well-known characters.

This hotel is still before us, enshrined, not on our memory only, but also on a sheet of very white, but not very smooth letter-paper; though, could we transfer this picture of it to these pages, it would give no very correct idea of its real appearance. The only conclusion that we can arrive at from the work of art before us, is, that the house must be painfully glaring and exceedingly draughty, as it looks nothing but whitewash and windows; also, that the Alps behind it are like a rope full of knots, meant probably to indicate mountain peaks: that a summer house belonging to it, which is perched on the top of a rock, must be at least three miles in a perpendicular line above the hotel! whilst the trees in the garden seem likely to produce a plentiful crop in the gooseberry season; and a boat on the lake is protected by an awning as large as the tilt of a stage waggon. These were not the impressions that we received when the spot was really before us.

The hotel is close to the lake which lies stretched out before it; whilst, on the other side of the water rise mountains of a vast variety of form and height, and pleasantly shaded walks also lead towards the end of the lake, and behind the inn there is a short, though steep path to a summer-house, from which you gain a commanding view of Alp on Alp, which, when we saw them, were often here concealed and there revealed, by masses of floating clouds whose stormy darkness was relieved by the sunlight.

This is the very place to rest at for a day or two, was our thought as we went to the window of the salle à manger, and looked out on the bright lake; we began also to fancy that the hotel was all our own, for no one else was visible, except a somewhat moonstruck-looking waiter, who followed us wherever we went, as if he had no other business to attend to; enquiring, also, at what time we would dine, though the public room and public hours were all that we laid claim to. It proved, indeed, that there was but one stranger in the house besides ourself, so we made an arrangement through the waiter to dine with him at a certain time, and at the hour appointed, a very tall and strongly-built man entered the room, and accosting us in our own language, seemed ready at once to make himself at home with a new acquaintance.

The conversation was carried on afterwards in French, and in that language our companion entertained us with some amusing sketches from his life, and with a variety of remarks on the wars, politics, and literature of Germany, and he invited us all to make a fortnight's excursion with him amongst the mountains. This we were not able to do, as we had already fixed to meet our Florence friends at Lucerne; but during the two or three days we were at Brienz,

though it had been our intention to read and meditate there, our studies were forgotten, and most of our time was spent with our companion of the table d' hôte, who had seen many phases of life, and some famous historical events, and whose narratives consequently were full of in-On the second day some Prussian terest. officers came to the inn, and we all formed a party to visit the falls of the Giesbach, which are opposite the town of Brienz. Whilst we were standing by the falls, large pieces of timber were shot down from the forests above, and plunged headlong into the cataract, sometimes whirled under the waters, then re-appearing, and finally, after their will race, gliding peacefully on to the waters of the lake.

On the same day the Prussians left us and the unknown, and we had the inn again to ourselves. In the course of conversation we happened to mention the name of the friend whom we were to meet at Lucerne, our companion repeated it, saying that he had met an English gentleman of that name at Berlin, and from certain personal details which he added, we discovered afterwards that it was Prince—, a somewhat celebrated traveller, who had shared the Croix Blanche with us. We were told that it was his habit to live incognito, during part of the year, in some retired spot, and this time he had fixed upon Brienz as the place of his eccentric seclusion.

On leaving Brienz we again crossed the Brünig to reach Lucerne, where we met our friends, and after a mountain excursion with them, left them again to pursue our way towards the Tyrol.



THE

TABLE D'HOTE AT Z---.

thorough one; but when Englishmen go abroad, and find that a few special phrases only are not considered sufficient for the purposes of conversation, they sometimes relapse altogether into silence even amongst themselves; and so the Briton acquires his reputation for pride and taciturnity.

We were once forcibly struck with these characteristics of our countrymen, and this shunning of even casual intercourse when they are amongst people who, as they think, do not understand their language and their habits.

It was at Z—— that the circumstance we shall describe happened to us. Z——, a historical place, famous both for the strife of tongues and of swords, but which to our mind is memorable above every other way for the occurrences at its hotel at which we were present. Not, indeed, that the notable events would have filled at the time a striking paragraph in the papers, or have appeared as startling facts in a traveller's journal, still they were sufficiently curious to

us, endeavouring as we do, to observe as we go along, to occupy a very distinct place in our reflections at the time, and in our recollections afterwards.

We reached Z—— rather too late for an ordinary continental table d'hôte; but in Switzerland English habits are very conveniently favoured, and it appeared that there would be a table d'hôte at half-past five, for which we had just time to make a hurried toilette, going down not by any means in first-rate dinner costume.

On reaching the dining-room, however, we felt ourself to be in presence of a very grave assembly, all in full dress, but whose very proper behaviour quite prevented them from showing any surprise at our somewhat unfinished appearance. On one side of the table was the father of a family, with his wife and three olive branches seated beside him; one and all, from the eldest down to the youngest, dressed in what appeared to be intended as the very perfection of fashion, and apparently unable to

move, lest the arrangement of their dress should be disturbed. The youngest of the party, indeed, was quite a child, though at present her appearance was not a very youthful one; and the young lady sat up in her place, to which she was admitted in virtue of the necessities of travel, with more dignity than grace. The rest of the family also were quite dangerously upright, and seemed, rather to be inclining backwards, whilst the father in particular, with his ample frills, port-wine complexion, and substantial air; and the mother, with her somewhat severe and defensive aspect, amply vindicated the honour of the family.

Next to this party of five sat a party of one, consisting of a very slim and rather tall young man, who appeared to have his eye-glass glued permanently to his eye, but whose only object of observation—and this he was quizzing unmercifully—was the ceiling above him. Next to this rather harmless observer were two very stiff ladies—apparently sisters, who sat in so-

lemn silence, looking straight before them with the exception of an occasional side-glance at the young gentleman who was admiring the ceiling, as if they thought themselves in a somewhat dangerous neighbourhood.

Next to this careful pair came a very short large-headed man; very short, very stout, and very fidgetty, dressed one might almost say, so far did it outshine the rest of his attire, in an exceedingly sky-blue waistcoat. He was, we believe, the only foreigner present, the only one not able to appear as if he had been well-trained to silence and expectation; his glances roved about the table very restlessly, as if he wanted to pick a quarrel with some one, only the individual did not happen to be present; though at us he looked with a rather grim, but not dissatisfied smile, as if it pleased him to have a fresh companion in his misfortune.

After making our observations on some of those in front of us, we began to look on each side. On our left was a very agreeable-looking

family, some elegant English girls with their brothers; but these also were apparently under the same Trappist rules as the rest, though their faces betrayed their amusement; whilst on our right was a man who looked quite the traveller, if one might judge from his sunburnt countenance and travelled air, and also from the manner in which he occasionally addressed the waiters; but he, too, seemed impressed by the solemnity of the rest, and was afraid to hear his own voice oftener than was strictly necessary. But with him we resolved to try the result of an experiment, not, indeed, that we accosted him in the easy way in which travellers are apt to address each other; for it was necessary, we found, to catch something of the spirit of those around us, else we should have been completely cut off from all feeling of sympathy with them.

The most common-place remark, and one at the same time which had something definite and travelled in it, seemed most suited for our present purpose; which was, to see if it were possible to lead this grave assembly into something like a conversation on the common topics of a table d'hôte.

The words we uttered fell with rather a melancholy sound on the complete silence of the table, but in themselves contained nothing very melancholy.

"Do you know," said we, "if it is possible to go on before to-morrow morning by diligence to Innsprück?"

"I think not," was the reply; in which a fear of speech, and yet a relief on finding some one to speak to, were curiously coupled together. "I don't believe there is any diligence."

This was said in a manner which seemed to foretel that it would be quite impossible to leave Z——; but as we happened already to know that there was a diligence, and only suggested the question as one easily answered, we were not much depressed by the feeling which seemed to inspire the reply.

The sound of our voice, however, awoke the

attention of all present in such an unearthly manner, every one looking paler, more solemn and more frightened than before; and there was such a sadness also in the tone in which the reply was given, agreeing ill with the somewhat bluff countenance beside us, that we did not press the matter any farther, nor continue the conversation, being ourself quite amused and contented.

Nevertheless there was presently a low sound opposite, and we found that one of the two stiff ladies was beginning to speak to the other. What a strange fascination there was in those tones; though they were not very dulcet and feminine, still they were at least a sign of life, and we could not but feel rejoiced that some one, however unapproachably, had ventured on a remark.

But it was with a bridling glance at the young gentleman at her side, who, in the intervals of knife and fork employments, was still turning his glass to the ceiling, that one lady

addressed her sister, whilst the sister first cast a warning glance at the stout little gentlemen with the gay waistcoat before she began to speak in reply, which she did in a hushed and measured voice.

What were—what could be—the mysterious sentences that passed between those two ladies it was quite impossible to decide; but it was something at least to know that we were not in the company of mutes; and so the two speakers received our heartfelt thanks, and perhaps we looked rather too grateful, for one of them suddenly cast at us a glance of well-bred reproach, which, unconscious as we had been of offence, caused us to cast down our eyes, to conceal either our confusion or amusement.

The conversation thus begun was faintly echoed from various parts of the table, but so faintly, that it was almost impossible to tell who was speaking, or what any one was speaking about; and we could not but look at the gentleman in the blue waistcoat, wondering if he

thought that we had the same customs in England at dinner-parties, where people do know each other. As it was, we revenged the traveller's cause, to some extent, on the most prim members of the party, and caused a diversion in the camp; for just as all present, and particularly the family of five, whose dress seemed to have grown more gorgeous than ever, were settling down with ominous formality to the dessert, we took a quiet opportunity of rising from table, after playing a little with the nutcrackers, and of leaving the room.

The effect produced was more sudden than we could have anticipated. One looked up, and another looked down; and although, until that eventful day, the table-d'hôte had never moved except in concert, yet now there was a general shuffling of feet and grating of chairs; and tirst, the brothers and sisters, with apparently a great sense of relief, rose from the table. Then the slender young man brought his glass timidly to bear on the doorway, and rose also; and next rose the short, stout gentleman in the blue waistcoat, and he, when once on his legs, made his way to the door so rapidly, that we began to fear, as there was something apoplectic in his appearance, whether the reaction might not be dangerous.

All these passed away to their several rooms; but as for ourself, we still loitered about the doorway, feeling sure that our sunburnt neighbour, though he might for a while be somewhat cowed by the feeling of the place, would presently leave also.

We had not, indeed, to wait long for his arrival; and before he saw us, he threw himself down on a bench in the passage, as if thoroughly exhausted by the great self-denial of that table-d'hôte; on catching sight of us, he exclaimed—

"You sat by me, sir—now wasn't it awful? I am waiting for some friends here, and can't get away; but only to think of what we have been suffering for the last hour. To-morrow, if not to-night, I shall change my quarters to

the Stag. This won't do, sir. I'm a Welshman.—Ever been in Wales?—A Welsh lawyer, sir, obliged to leave Pontywachan for my health; been travelling about for nearly a year; good health now. Ever been at Pontywachan, sir? No! Well, that's a pity, for there's a good inn there—a place where you can get your muttonchop well cooked, and eat it in peace, sir. Why, it's nothing in grandeur, to be sure, to this place; there's just a sign-board, and a small parlour. and a picture of the landlord on the wall; but there's comfort there, sir, and no restraint; no staring, and lisping, and afraid of your own shadow ways!---Why, sir, I'd put a straight waistcoat on this establishment directly, if I had it under my care; they must be far gone, and they make other people as bad, to think of sitting there for one hour a half;—timed it, sir; looked at my watch on the sly.—To think of sitting there like mummies in Egypt!-why. you might as well be in separate cells at once-eh, sir?"

Up to this moment we had let our Welsh friend run on; but as he now apparently wanted winding up, and it was a relief to us to hear some one talk after that long, dreary silence, we prepared to perform the kind office for him.

- "May we ask, sir, if you know any of the people who dined with us to-day?" said we.
- "Know'em, eh! I know'em; that is to say I see 'em often enough. Why, I've been here no less than four days of my mortal life, sir. First day I was like a colt just caught—didn't understand the customs of the place at all.
- "'Etes vous Français?' said I to the slim young man with the eye-glass; you know who I mean. Well, he was sitting by me the first day, so I began quite in a friendly way; and you see I rather pride myself on my French.
 - "'Sir?' says he.
- "'Oh, you are English are you?' was my next remark. 'How do you like this place?—Been staying here long?'
 - "Why, sir, if that young man with the eye-

glass had been in the Bastille for five years, and if it had been that I was asking him about, he couldn't have looked more solemn.—'A week,' he replied, without once looking off the ceiling, and that was all; never a word more could I get out of him."

"Well, you yourself were almost as bad today when we spoke to you," we remarked.

"Yes, that's true," continued the Welshman.

"I've been completely subdued, but only at dinner, whilst the others have got to be just the same everywhere; but I was going to say that though that day's companion wasn't any good, I didn't give up at once. No, sir; next day I happened to sit near one of those two ladies that were opposite you. So I said, in my most polite manner, just such as I have carried it on with at one of our county balls, I said,—

'Would you be so kind as to inform me what are the nicest excursions about here?'

"Well, sir, will you believe it? she turned round looking very resolute, as if I'd said some-

thing that wanted repressing immediately; and 'I don't know;' that was all she said; but mark you, with a very strong emphasis.

"So I thought this won't do at all; I can't get anything out of them, so they shan't get anything out of me. So you see the good breeding I've learned here. But when you addressed me to-day, you can't think how delighted I was, though I didn't dare to say much. But I hope I was civil."

"Very civil," we replied, "but very sad. It was as if you were a prisoner who could find no means of escape."

"Ah, but it's not so," said the Welshman.—
"There's the Stag!—Hurrah for the Stag!—
Won't you come there too?"

We declined this, stating that we were off for the Tyrol that evening.

"Don't wonder you are tired of Z—. If you ever are at Pontywachan, ask for Mr. Griffiths. So au revoir."

And this was the last of our Welsh friend-

258 THE TABLE-D'HÔTE AT Z---.

almost the last of Z——; but whenever we go to Pontywachan, or meet Mr. Griffiths again, we shall certainly recall the table-d'hôte and its incidents.

THE TYROL.



THE TYROL.

IT was not long before we had left the inn at Z—— behind us, and were knocking against a kerb-stone in one of the narrow streets, our heavy vehicle rebounding somewhat uneasily at the shock; but the cries of the driver were only for a short time drowned by the rattling of the wheels over the stones, and we were soon on the open road, bound for the Tyrol. We had some amusement at an inn on our road, where we stopped during the night, in examining by the uncertain light of a few dim lamps, which sadly wanted transmitting,

the characters of the different people about us. First, there was the conducteur, who, for several hours, had remained beside us grave and silent, with the slight exception that he had once investigated our nationality, which seemed to furnish him with still further subject for reflection. This conducteur was, apparently, a think-. ing, if not a reading man; though whether his reserve proceeded from conscious superiority, or from timidity and want of self-assurance, our observation of his physiognomy as we rode along with him by moonlight, or when we met him afterwards by the light of those rude lamps, would not allow us to ascertain. All that we could tell was that he had a very long beard and rather ample moustache, and that what remained of his features, after deducting the part concealed, was sufficiently regular in form, though not particularly intelligent or candid in its expression. Still, the conducteur, with his tall, strong figure, was a part proper of our mode of travelling on entering the Tyrol, and he behaved to us with quit

as much civility as, from the very slight acquaintmee we had of each, other could be expected.

Then there was one fellow-traveller, who, with this long pipe, careless, lively manner, boyish look, and garments of no very recent make, gave us the impression that he might be a German student, though not one of the better sort. There was another, a learned-looking man, with somewhat of a stooping gait, with an eye that was always searching for something, and a particularly quiet step, and who seemed to be imparting some information to a sickly woman, also travelling by the diligence: and this individual we took to be a travelling doctor. There were also two or three people whom, from their manner of herding together, from what they said, and from the packages which we chanced to see as they were being put on the diligence, we supposed to be musicians seeing the world, and going from city to city, and perhaps mixing with all kinds of men whilst employed in one of the few vagrant occupations which, apart from their concomitants, awake the enthusiasm of those who pursue them. But it was not our fate to see much of our companions, for soon after entering the Tyrol we stopped at a wayside inn, and took our place from thence to Innsprück in one of the omnibuses which carry the peasantry from town to town, in order that we might see more than we should otherwise have done of the appearance and habits of the country. The mountains of the Tyrol being farther north than the Swiss Alps, present greater differences of scenery, at a lesser elevation, than do the latter.

In the Tyrol there are striking contrasts between mountains of forest and mountains of rock and snow; the latter in a vast mass crowning the former, which seem like the gates of their walls.

The Tyrolese are a magnificent race, though their physical qualities rather exceed their mental, in which they are probably surpassed by the Swiss. They are, also, not so much accustomed to travellers as the inhabitants of the southern Alps, and seem to pay them less attention; nor is civility amongst the Tyrolese to be obtained by mere payment, but a kind and friendly manner will go far to establish the traveller in their good graces; and though they seem very doubtful about receiving any favours, yet they are ready to exchange civilities with the stranger, and to show their sense, as far as may be suitable, of his superiority in education or position.

The principal valleys of the Tyrol are full of little villages, which look highly picturesque, with their background of mountain, and with some river, perhaps, flowing near, and with a few fertile fields around them in the midst of wildness. The turns of the road often bring you upon one, or perhaps on a group of these villages, with their white church towers, bell-shaped belfries, and massive-looking cottages, sometimes built of earth and sometimes of wood, but which are much less ornamental than the lighter dwellings of the Swiss.

Before reaching Innsprück, at a place where the peasantry were amusing themselves with rifle practice, we took up two fresh passengers (priests), one of whom was a professor of Padua. We sat by them and talked with them, at least during those intervals when they were not reading their prayers; they neither of them seemed very intelligent, but what they wanted in ideality they made up for in veneration, as the one with whom we most conversed had boundless loyalty towards the Emperor of Austria, the great supporter of Roman Catholicism in the south.

At Innsprück, a letter which we posted ourself, was, to use a gentle term, delayed on its transit—in fact, it never reached its destination—never crossed the channel—and, probably, never left the capital of the Tyrol. But having done all that we could to inform our friends how soon they might expect us, we began now to travel decidedly south, in order afterwards to return still more decidedly north. Our route led us towards the Italian frontier, and through one of the scenes of

battle, one of the rocky gorges which are sacred to the name of Hofer, the peasant patriot and martyr.

After a delightful journey, amidst glorious wood and mountain scenery, we were again under the skies which had given us health and enjoyment, and with scenes around us not unlike those which we had so often gazed upon, for we were in Italy, at Verona, at Venice.

•



THE GREAT NORTHERN ROAD.

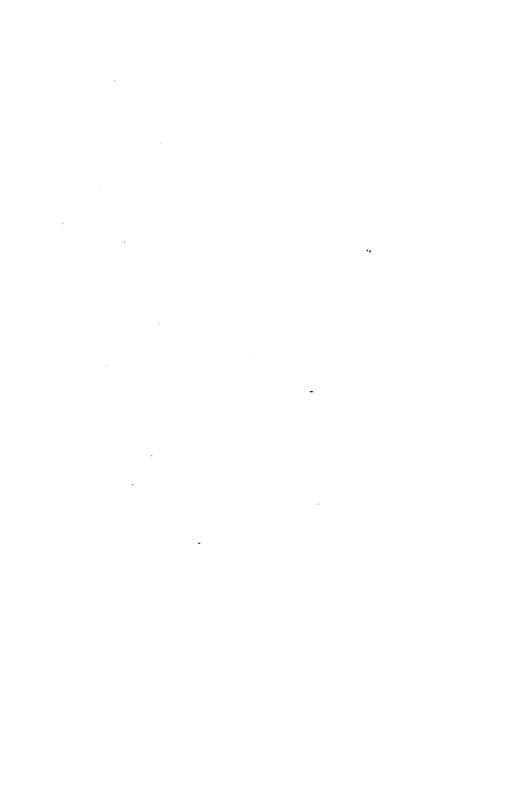
halls of judgment alive still, even in their solemn tranquillity, with the grandest recollections. It has its schools of paintings also, over which Titian, that master of glowing life-colour, once presided; and it has the recollection of a mighty eastern rule, and has later memories also disparaging to its former glory.

Then, its climate is favourable to the development of the most imaginative and delightful feeling, whilst its position on the Adriatic Gulf would always insure it great influence in the East, if it were not subjugated and kept under, and if its growth were not stunted by an unsympathizing and despotic government. But though Venice might, after a few years of freedom; become Venice again, yet, Venice as it is presents a hushed and melancholy aspect. Its streets and canals seem silent, its palaces are decaying, and the stranger rules victoriously in its traditional halls.

These things we pondered upon whilst gliding about Venice, the city of waters, in a long nar-

row gondola. We cannot say, however, that any immediate project for altering the condition of the city presented itself to our mind, though we endeavoured, and successfully so, to solve one problem more easy of solution, namely, as to what should be our destination after leaving Venice, and what place or country we should next amuse ourself with observing.

Several plans were taken up, and then rejected again; but finally we resolved to make our way towards home, for home we wanted now to reach, and do so by passing through the heart of Germany, and, perhaps, through Hungary and Bohemia. We did not hesitate long before putting our plan into execution; and so, to get as much more of the excitement of travel as we conveniently could before our tour was over, we took a place in the diligence, which would start from Trieste to Vienna next day, some time after the arrival at the former place of the steamer, which was to take us on that evening. At ten p.m. we were about to start for this



THE GREAT NORTHERN ROAD.

WE were at Venice—Venice, which, if free and independent, might soon again become worthy of its former reputation, and be known as one of the most beautiful and prosperous of Europe's great sea-ports. Venice, indeed, has its inland waters serving all purposes of internal communication, and also of luxurious enjoyment; for along them one glides so dreamily and passively through the warm and gentle air, that it is easy to recall all those many phases of romance of which they and their palaces have been the scenes.

Venice has its eastern domes and minarets, its

steamer after taking leave of an English acquaintance, who was with us at the hotel, and had made up our mind to a journey of some days before reaching the great Teutonic capital.

In old times, men went from place to place mounted on their strong horses, and armed and armoured, to protect them both from the open foe and the skulking robber, or, it may be, that they placed themselves at the mercy of the waves in some frail bark which a passing storm might dash to pieces. In such modes of travel there was delay, risk, and uncertainty, and no man, were he a king even, could say at what hour he might be able to start upon his journey, still less at what precise time he should reach his destination.

All that, however, "we have altered," we, the modern men, though not yet supplied with wings, and not yet able to live conveniently under the water, have, nevertheless, so far reformed our modes of communication and increased our powers, that whether it be an hour, a day, or a week, that we have to spend on our journey, we do not expect to keep dinner waiting at the end of it, and do not prepare ourselves for any serious perils on the way. But in saying "we," England or France must be our mental boundary; for there are some countries of Europe, which though they cannot quite dispense with the modern facilities of travel, yet seem to delight in throwing every obstacle in their way, and in making them as uncertain as possible; hence we may suppose come passports. So we thought, at least, on the night when we were leaving Venice; for ours—terrible to relate—could nowhere be found.

Now a man abroad without his passport, is like a ship at sea without a rudder, or a caravan in the desert without water, or an Englishman without his ale, or a Chinaman without his pigtail, or a sailor without his quid, or a Parisian without his Boulevards.

Nothing can be more dreadful than the un-

presented situation of a traveller in some purts of the continent, without that well stamped, well signed, and truly artistic document, which came to him from the Foreign Office at home, and must be respected as long as it is complete and correct, by every perty employé who takes smuff and checks passports, from one end of France to the other end of Turkey.

But supposing the traveller have lost his passport, what then? Why then the great names of Palmerston or Clarendon are only in his memory; they are complete myths to all the snufftaking employés, and might as well have never been heard of by them.

It is not much to the point, in the present instance, to relate what happened to us a little way back, as we were going into the Tyrol; still, as a hint to travellers to make the most of all their means in a difficulty, it may as well be told.

We had just crossed the Rhone by moonlight, on a raft, with a diligence full of passengers, and did not desire to recross it by ourselves; however, we had serious doubts whether our passport was properly visé, and eyed the dirty little barrack on the banks of the said river. Rhone, which was used as a custom-house, with considerable fear and trepidation. On reaching it we left our passport in the hands of the conductor of the diligence, and walked up and down the little room in which some badly burning lamps made a yellow darkness, just showing a clerk, who looked like a thorough old drill, busy at his work.

This good gentleman by and bye examined our passport, noticed the stamp of the Austrian embassy in London in one corner, cast a slightly scrutinizing glance at ourself, then caught sight of a certain name in the passport, and on seeing that, remarked, "there was once a minister of that name," and as we did not deny the correctness of this historical statement, the old drill, proud of his knowledge, returned us our passport immediately, in the politest pos-

sible manner, without any farther investigation of visés.

But we were now at Venice, and Venice, though geographically in Italy, is politically, in Austria, and not only in Austria, but in a province of it, where police and government officials are always very lively and very ready to pounce on the unwary and indiscreet, for any unwariness and indiscretion.

Our feelings were overpowering as we searched our pockets, rifled our portmanteaus, carefully unfolded our pocket - handkerchief, and even looked into our hat; but, alas! nowhere could our missing credentials be found. What had become of our passport? it was despair, it was misery! it was——but the English tongue will hardly supply all the words necessary to pourtray our feeling.

At last, we hired a commissionaire, and instructed him to shout vigorously for us at the windows of the English Vice-Consul; but he was not in, or he was in bed, or some other

equally valid objection, was returned by an old woman, who appeared somewhat alarmed at this nocturnal disturbance. We stood in the street with the commissionaire at our side, wondering what next was to be done; finally, a bright and splendid idea, one of those that immortalize genius, crossed our mind; it was to return to the diligence office at which we had taken our places during the day, and mention there the loss of our passports. This idea we carried out.

It was very natural that Monsieur had lost it, was the reply, seeing that Monsieur had delivered it into their hands to be given to the Captain of the steamer; Monsieur, when he went on board, would find his passport quite right.

This answer at once relieved us, though we were mortified that the fatigues of the journey should have so far impaired our memory as to cause us to rush about Venice at a somewhat unseasonable hour, crying out under the win-

dows of consuls, and surprising diligence officials, when there was no occasion for doing so.

After this we were soon on board the steamer, and a short and pleasant passage took us to Trieste, some of the mountains behind which we should soon have to climb in the diligence.

At Trieste we walked through broad, airy streets, dined in a spacious hotel, and visited booths, which offered for sale all possible, and, to a western eye, all impossible kinds of merchandize, and we had time to inspect some of these stalls, and make a few purchases, before taking our place in the Vienna diligence.

When the time came for our starting, we got into the coupé, settled ourself down, and desired either solitude or else agreeable company. We had a companion, though not exactly of the kind we had wished for. Our first warning of who was coming, was in the shape of an indescribable glove, which held a pocket-handker-chief parcel, that it deposited carefully on the seat. Then followed a climbing, and panting,

and an old lady, a good deal the worse for snuff, established herself securely beside us. On we rolled through the wild hill districts of Carinthia and the Tyrol, with the snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief parcel always at our side; and the only way in which to enjoy any of the romance of the scene around us, was to open our eyes to the view, and then shut them again before we began to think what it was like, lest either the good lady herself, or some of her property, should, Gorgon-like, meet our gaze.

But the romance we felt could be as well enjoyed with closed eyes as with open; we felt also, that the tract we were upon was the great highway from the south to the north; that along these hills the Roman legions, often baffled, had once marched; that amongst these hills, too, had arisen those wild torrents which afterwards engulfed Rome; and that from them still went forth bands of those long-stockinged soldiers, whom we met upon the road, and who yet preserve the German dominion,

uncertain as it now is, over the pleasant lands of the south.

We felt also, that the great city of the emperors was before us, and would soon be seen, whilst in the distance also, lay the battle-field of liberty, the Hungarian land; as well as that other country which gave birth once to a mighty mind—to a Huss, and also to a Zisca. All these thoughts crossed our mind as we lay back in the coupé looking out, from time to time, at the somewhat sterile country around, and then resigning ourself to fancy again.

By degrees, however, a constant succession of Croats, looking like storks with their enormously long legs closely cased in coloured stockings, somewhat dispelled the past and future illusions in which we were indulging, and at the same time gave us an unavoidable impression of the great power of Austria, which here we were not so disposed to cavil at, as we had been further south; for though, as invaders, the Germans are austere, suspicious, and tyrannical, yet

at home they are kind-hearted and courteous, and rather good-humoured than overbearing; and as an instance of this, we may mention, that at a custom-house to the north of Trieste, we were passed rapidly through, and the officials were very polite and accommodating.

This great northern road on which we were travelling, did not present many varieties or characteristic scenes, so we were glad when we found ourself a long way on upon our journey, and also when we discovered that we should again meet with what has long ceased to be a wonder, except in the land of Croats, though it is still one there, a railway station. But though we at length reached a railway, yet it was one which took an hour to get over fifteen miles; for his Imperial Majesty is in some respects so careful of the lives of his children, that he will not allow them to be endangered by any terribly rapid rate of locomotion.

Fifteen miles an hour, however, with all the comforts of an Austrian first-class carriage, was

a great improvement on our late mode of travel, especially as we had no longer snuff and pocket handkerchiefs at our side; but instead of them, a very pleasing face and a very elegant dress, which was often rustling about from one compartment of the carriage to the other, and which paid us a visit from time to time.

But all our sorrows were not yet over; for about ten or eleven o'clock at night, we found ourself turned out of our comfortable carriage, and standing again, we scarcely knew how, in the midst of a confused mass of travellers and boxes, all turned out and stopped like ourselves, because there was a mountain between us and Vienna. How odd it seemed! can we possibly fancy, for instance, being made to leave a carriage at Reading, in order to cross a mountain between it and Paddington?

But nature is on a grand scale not far from Vienna, on a grander scale than railways are; so we found ourself thrown upon the tender mercies of we knew not what conveyance, over the mountain, and being very tired, as well as somewhat annoyed, resolved upon spending the night in the small town where we had landed.

Its shores, unfortunately, were not very hospitable, for, on making due enquiry, we found that in one inn there was no room at all, and in another, only sufficient room for ourself, with three, or it might be six others, in the same apartment; there being four beds in it, of which we were generously offered the fourth.

This offer we did not accept, not knowing who our fellow travellers who were to occupy the other beds might be; so we requested to know if they had any means of taking us over the mountain, as most of those who had been in the train with us were already on their way, in postchaises, to join the railway, which began again when the impediment before us had once been overcome.

The landlord of the inn, though he could not offer us a room, offered us a postchaise, which

we might enjoy in solitary dignity, and in which there was some chance of being still in time to catch the train. A very singular individual, indeed, was to drive us; a rough, burly man, who appeared on the present occasion to have lost the few wits that he ever had possessed, for which, indeed, there was an adequate cause, as he addressed us through the window of the chaise in very drunken patois, protesting, as we understood it, that he would catch the other chaises, but wasting a good deal of time in his protestations.

At last, indeed, the inn people started him, and we rattled off at a vigorous pace, along a lonely mountain road, and almost on the summit of the hill, passed the rest of our cortege, and dashing down again, our light load heading them at the station. And now we had almost come to the end of the great northern road. We were again in a civilized region, full of troops, gendarmes, and railway carriages, and we thought that at our station, despite the lateness of the hour, we could

distinguish once more some of our fellow-countrymen, none of whom we had seen before since leaving Venice; towards morning, too, our rail-way stopped again, but not this time at a mountain, for the low green ramparts of Vienna, and the recollections of the middle ages, and the thought of stirring scenes of later birth, rose before us.

We entered the city; there were the squares and the fountains, there was the cathedral of St. Stephen, and oh, blessed repose, after all our varied travels, there was a comfortable hotel.



DOWN THE DANUBE AND PRAGUE.



DOWN THE DANUBE AND PRAGUE.

WE stayed three days in Vienna, wandering about amongst its squares and gardens, and lingering under the shadow of St. Stephen's, or finding our way between woods towards the river. At the end of that time, we again proceeded on our journey, prompted by a strong desire to see the land which, but a few years before, had resisted so courageously the encroachments of Austrian power, and to learn a little of the appearance of those two cities — Buda, of the old times of

Hungary, and Pesth, the modern capital, which see each other across the wide Danube.

We were now on that river which traverses the continent almost from one side to the other; which rises within no great distance of civilised and prosperous France, and then passing through those historic realms which have seen many a world-renowned leader taking his forces to conquest, flows on through the land of the Magyar, and closes its course amongst almost unknown tracts, which are to be the spoil of northern ambition, if it should prove strong enough to overrun them, and are to be the distant guardians of southern and western independence, if the foresight and determination of the leading countries of the west should prove sufficient to thwart the deeply-laid ambition of Russia.

Our journey, towards its termination, was now taking us farther than ever away from the west, and from western associations; and as we steamed down the Danube, scenes of an oriental character were to be seen on either bank; whilst we were amongst a crowd of people, some of them in a different garb, and many speaking a different language from those which are considered the common property of Europe. These things, of themselves, would have been sufficient to awake a lively interest in what was before us; but there was something more than the mere feeling of change and novelty in the pleasure we experienced on first entering the waters of Hungary, and on first gaining a view of the shores of its great river. We had no prejudices to contend against, nor had we forgotten the glories of that land whose capital we were approaching; we were curious, also, to discover, amongst those about us, traits of Hungarian nationality; but, more than this, we were cherishing memories of the friends of our boyhood -of men full of genius courage, and worthof men who had suffered much, complaining little, and who were born in a country whose fate has been not unlike, and whose struggle for freedom has been as noble as that of Hungary. Yes, we remembered those tales of what then seemed a far distant land, though it was now comparatively near to us; we remembered all the varied characteristics—the misfortunes an victories of Poland—now that we were floating down that stream, which, on more than one point of its course, has witnessed the great achievements of the bravest children of the north.

But the steamer bore us on, farther and farther still, from that place which was delivered, in its worst peril, by the great King of Poland, and carried us down towards other spots of historical renown.

What is that place on one bank of the river, looking at some distance off like a tented camp, and which is guarded by the Danube on one side, and rises out of a wide plain, which affords no point of attack against that mass of forts and covered ways? That is the impregnable Komorn, once defended by Klapka, and defended by him with brilliant success,

to the last moment, against the arms of Austria. But we are still descending the stream, and yonder, from its rocky heights, rise the ancient walls of Buda, which have so many a time seen the Mussulman beneath them; whilst opposite to the grim old city, across the river, are the lofty white houses, wide streets, and magnificent hotels and coffee-houses of Pesth, the modern capital of Hungary.

Before we reached Pesth, we had discovered that one of the prominent features of Hungarian life is an appreciation of England, and of things English. On board the steamer we met with a gentleman who had been in England, who spoke our language idiomatically, and who was well acquainted with our modern literature. But on calling the attention of our new acquaintance to some one who sat opposite to us, and who, from his dress and manner, must be, as we thought, an Englishman; we were told that, though in everything his appearance was English, yet that, possibly, he did not speak our language,

and had not been in our country, and that he was one of the family of Esterhazy.

On arriving at our hotel at Pesth, we found that civility to an Englishman was one of the customs of the country; and, though we had no courier to set the place in confusion—no servant with us—yet our portmanteau and ourself were as well taken care of as if they had had something besides the traveller's ordinary accompaniments to recommend them.

After visiting Buda, with its houses honey-combed by musket balls, and after going through the town, in which we had taken up our quarters, we again turned our back upon the east, and travelled by railway into Bohemia, meeting, on the way, that stray Englishman, a wanderer far from his own favourite haunts, whom we have spoken of in the first chapter of this work. And now we reached the city of Prague, which lies on each bank of the Moldau; whilst its ancient palaces, with all the picturesqueness of antiquity, in their varied and

faded hues, and all the strength of the past also, in their firm and massive walls, crown the hill on one side of the river, and are seen at a glance from the bridge which crosses it.

Amongst the cities of Europe, which most attract the attention of the student of history, is this capital of a country which, some centuries ago, gave birth to a great reformer and a great general, and which was shaken by some of the wildest contentions of the age of religious war. Huss was sent to the stake in another land, and by a foreign tribunal; but a sword flashed terribly above the smouldering ashes of the slaughtered apostle; and the eye of him who, even when blind, could still see his way to victory through the ranks of those who were the enemies of his religion and his race; looked first at the death-field of Constance, and then at the armies that were marching on the hill-built city; and saw, in the dread picture of the martyr's wrongs, a solemn and inspiring spectacle to lead on his countrymen to victory. It was in vain that

the forces of Sigismund, overpowering, as it seemed, in number, took possession of Prague; for Ziska, though he had but a tenth of the number, had a thousand times more zeal than his enemy; and rushing forth, with the small band that followed him, he drove the invader in triumph from the Moldau.

Ziska was no novice in the art of war; in his youth he had followed Henry the Fifth of England to the field of victory, and had fought side by side with the Poles when they conquered the Knights of Prussia; and he now led his own countrymen with great skill and personal courage, and with words full of meaning, through the perils of many a battle-field, on which they were triumphant. The loss of sight, by a wound, even did not prevent him from being drawn into the front ranks of the battle: and it was only when stricken, at last, by plague and death, that conquered by a greater than himself, he resigned into the hands of his country the noble trust which, in her time of peril, she had

confided to him. Thus it was that Ziska closed his career; but, long after his time, Bohemia was often shaken by wars and tumults. And, in the seventeenth century, the father of one of the bravest, though also of one of the most unprincipled, men who ever led English troops into the field, Frederick of Bohemia, the father of Prince Rupert, fled in sorrow and despair from the walls of Prague, after the fight on the White Mountain.

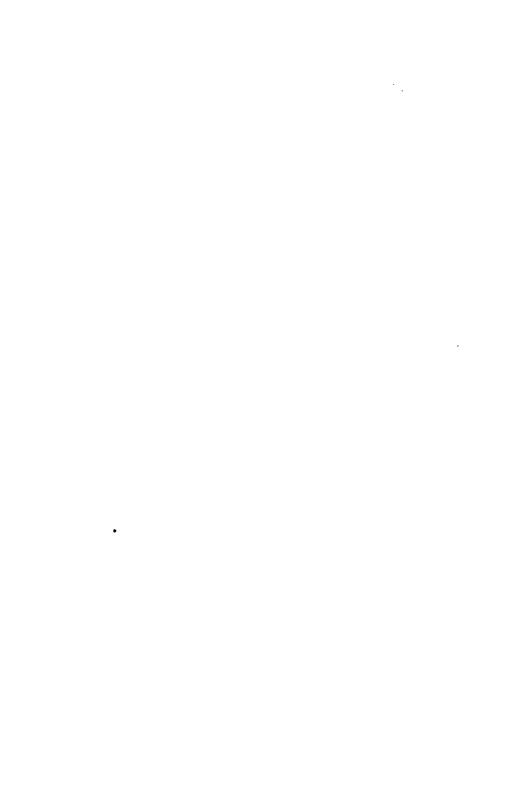
But though Frederic abandoned his kingdom, and died a king discrowned; and though his son was worsted by that great genius, which could choose, form, inspire, and temper an army, as well as lead it into battle; yet the descendants of the fugitive monarch have ruled since then over far wider provinces than he could ever have hoped to govern, and have been, during some of its most glorious epochs, the monarchs of the Island realm, from which came Frederic's sorrowing queen.

Thus fate changes, sometime in the course of

years, and sometimes of ages; and that Providence which willed that religious and political freedom should be extinguished in central Europe by the dethronement of one king, willed also that they should be perpetuated by his descendants, in that firm and peaceable manner which by no other race or government could they have been perpetuated; but that not amongst the mountains of Bohemia, but on the western consts of the old world, on shores which are a safe shelter and protection for those who would live at peace with man and with their own consciences; unless, indeed, that peace, or that safety be invaded, and their dread power, which history has so often proclaimed, be awakened in all the majesty of its strength.

Thus Prague and its story, reminded us of many mighty events which have sealed the past of our own land, and there was nothing in our reverie to embitter the thought that we were now again returning towards that island-world.

TABLE D'HÔTE AT BERLIN.



THE

TABLE D'HÔTE AT BERLIN.

LET those who can speak the great Teutonic tongue, not simply with the bashful yes and no of imperfect proficiency, but with some degree of ease and fluency—let these, if they have any curiosity to learn in what the public life—we may in this instance use the term in almost all its extent—of our German cousins consists, seat themselves some day early at a table d'hôte at Berlin, and, like sportsmen in wait for some forest game, watch for the first comers.

But the traveller, if he wish to see or hear

anything of the characters of those about him, must, with the use of the German tongue, assume also some acquaintance with German manners and conversation, and must try to get rid, as soon as possible, of his home-bred reserve and fear of saying anything which could, by any possibility compromise himself. And now let us see who are the principal personages present on this particular occasion.

In the van of those who are about to surround the traveller, appears a stout, rosy-faced lady, with a very smiling, happy face, followed close by two pale, sentimental-looking, and slender daughters. The mother takes a chair, which is exactly opposite to ours, and casts a friendly glance across the table; the young ladies look down, with a tinge of modesty in their romance, which makes them decidedly interesting. After these, comes a short, stout man, who walks as if his quarterings, very weighty affairs, were fastened on to his back and impeded his movements; this gentleman, as he expands upon his

chair, has something of the baron about him. Another of the party is a pale young student, with slight moustache, who casts many a tender glance, before dinner begins, at the two fair sentimentalists.

This is the preface to the table d'hôte; but the table d'hôte itself is a serious affair, and does not, for a time, admit of much conversation or individuality—all, even the two young ladies, being diligently engaged in one common pursuit. After a while, however, when the first shock of knife and fork, and the first rattle of plates is over, the lady-mother and the baronial-looking gentleman, seeing that there is a stranger, possibly a foreigner, opposite to them, begin to address him, almost in the same words, with "You have not been long here, Sir, I think, perhaps you are a foreigner; how do you like Berlin?"

We reply, as fluently as we are able, that we have certainly not been long in Berlin, but yet long enough to think it a charming city, with its broad Unter-den-linden, its palaces, its galleries, its theatres, and its gardens; adding, that we prefer it to almost all the cities we have seen on the continent, and to all but one in our own country, Great Britain.

"So you are an Englishman, Sir," remarks the lady; "I knew you were."

"I have been in England," interposes the baron.

"An Englishman!" echo the young ladies.

And though there may be at that moment thousands of your countrymen in the Prussian capital; yet, at this table d'hôte, you alone have a right to lay claim to a multitude of things on which an Englishman prides himself, and prides himself all the more because he is often ignorant of the history of other countries, except when it concerns that of his own; or of their habits, except as they appeal to his own immediate sympathies or antipathies, he very often not being much of an inquirer, and having tolerably strong prejudices.

"I never was in England," continues the lady, in a pleasant voice; "but I have heard much of your beautiful country—of your large parks, fertile meadows, and running brooks. I do not speak now," she adds, "of the political greatness of England, which is well known, but some of my friends have often told me also of its pastoral beauties."

"It is true what you remark," said the baron; "and I ought to know, for I have been in England myself, and understand the country as well as I do my own. I thought it very beautiful, only there was such rain, fog, and smoke, that my pleasure in it was a little spoiled."

- "Have you been in London?" we inquire.
- "Oh yes; I spent most of my time in your capital, and it is a wonderful place, though too full of commerce."
- "London is certainly a very busy city," say we, "and there is also plenty of smoke from the houses, and of fog from the river, in London; but you would find enough fine, clear air in our

country districts; and though we have not so pleasing a capital as you have, yet it is a grand and suitable one for a nation whose commerce is so great; besides which, we have our parks."

"Yes, and your heaths," continues the baron.
"I was once on your Hampstead Heath—that was where I saw your country—but the mountains were not grand, they were not like our Harz, nor were there such meadows as I had expected to see, besides which, it was not altogether rural; but yet the place was very pretty. Oh yes, I like your country!"

"It is very kind of you," we say, "to praise what you have seen; but London is such a great city, that many persons who come to England spend all their time in seeing it and its immediate neighbourhood; and places like Hampstead Heath are more visited by them than the grassy and wooded uplands of the Midland Counties, or than the silences of Ullswater, or than the rocks, and woods, and bays of Devon and Cornwall; or than

the wild mountains and lakes of the Highland North; or than the softer beauties of the Irish waters. But as we know much of your country, of its history, its customs, and its natural beauties, from reading Goëthe, Schiller, and others of your great poets, so you must know ours from Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron."

The mention of the last name is well received by two of the company, for the dark-eyed young lady says something in French to her mother about having read Lor Biron, whilst the blue-eyed one smiles sweetly over the wing of a partridge and a glass of Bavarian beer, and seemed to regard it as a satisfactory circumstance that she should have met with a fellow-countryman of the noble "Lor."

Finally, the baron himself agrees with us that he knows Scotland only from the works of Scot, and that he has seen very little of the finer parts of England; and we tell him that the greatest of our living poets, he who wrote—

"And one, an English house—grey twilight poured On dewy pastures, dewy trees

Softer than sleep—all things in order stored, A haunt of ancient peace,"

gives us the best idea and most thorough enjoyment of those quiet, pastoral, and often hill or wood-sheltered scenes, in which the English heart takes such delight.

But the baron, though he has really seen but little of England, and has read but few English authors, can go to his own world and enjoy what he has long been dreaming of; and he tells us accordingly, how, as a boy, he used to read Goëtz with all the enthusiasm of real life in his heart; how he once went down on his knees before a picture which he fancied must be like Maria; and how, on his own ancestral domain, there are still the remains of a castle, which he thinks of, some day, restoring to a state of mimic defence, that he may be able to fancy himself, as much as possible, like Berlichingen.

These things are said with so much earnestness and good faith, that we can see that the somewhat unromantic-looking gentleman oppo site us has had his moments of great enthusiasm, and has very likely ridden his horse through the wilds of the forest, or along the sides of the mountain, with much of the high feeling of selfdependence and honourable duty that once fired the knights of other days.

The gulf between the present and the past is, sometimes, crossed most easily by those who would seem most unlikely to cross it, but who are inspired, perhaps, by a safe leader, whose voice finds an echo in their hearts. So it is with the baron; he worships Goethe, and Goethe's song of the old nobles of the land is almost the only thing which would make him wish to be other than he is, whilst eating a carefully chosen dinner, in a spacious room of a convenient hotel, in the most modern of capitals.

After the rest of the party are gone he still remains behind, and repeats those noble words of Goetz, of the iron hand, who, when a prisoner, speaks thus to the Imperial Commissioner:—

312 THE TABLE D'HÔTE AT BERLIN.

"I was taken in an honourable quarrel. Thou mightest well thank God, and make much of thyself before the world, if ever, in the course of thy life, thou hadst done one deed as noble as that for which I have been made a prisoner. I did not bring out my power for the sake of making some vile spoil, or in order to deprive the helpless of their lands and subjects. Can you find out any harm in what I did when I sought only to deliver my poor page, and to secure my own safety? The Emperor and the realm would never have their rest disturbed by my wanting anything. No! And thank God that, having still one hand, I have used it so well."

THE STUDENTS' DINNER.



THE STUDENTS' DINNER.

We were travelling from Berlin to Hamburgh, on our way back to the beloved country and home, when we met with an individual whose appearance at once impressed itself upon our mind. At first, indeed, this impression could not be made; for as we were travelling in a second-class carriage, and smoking, and he was smoking also, we could ee nothing of him except a long pipe, whose bowl hung down between his knees, and at which he was puffing away with sober earnestness. But by degrees his face was raised, and his eyes

looked straight at us, though apparently they were unconscious of doing so.

By farther degrees, these also seemed to attain the condition of consciousness, and to be fully aware that there was a stranger, and perhaps an Englishman sitting opposite to them. Then a look grew upon the face which was friendly, though very contemplative; and as this look fully explained to us the character and feelings of our vis-à-vis, a perfectly easy, though as yet silent, understanding, was soon established between the two smokers.

That part of the carriage in which we sat was occupied only by ourselves; so we might have opened a conversation at once, even of the most political character, without any one gainsaying us.

Notwithstanding these unusual advantages for freedom of speech between strangers, we rode on for an hour or two in perfect silence,—each surrounded by his own halo of smoke.

But as we were still borne on from station to station, it began to feel odd that all this time we should neither of us have spoken.

The silence, it is true, was not one of a reserved or moody kind; and it seemed, indeed, almost as if we had been listening to each other's thoughts. Yet at last, after this our long, wise meditation, the German asked us a very simple question—how we liked his country?

"If we considered only the beauties of the land, or the genius of the people, we should like it very much," was our reply; "but government has undone what nature did, and your customs are better than your laws."

"Yes, yes," said the German, looking at us now very decidedly, and almost putting aside his pipe, "you are an Englishman, are you not? Very well, then, I may speak with you freely. You say that our customs are better than our laws; and it is no wonder that you say so, because your laws in England spring from our

customs here. You have still the old feelings and associations which you call Saxon; though probably very few of your former colonists came from Saxony;—no, it was from the more northern parts of Germany, from the sea coasts, that they went forth. However, they were the same race as we are now, and they laid the foundation of a great country, which others, it is true, have helped to raise up since; but no one, you see, has been able to efface the name of Anglo Saxon from that foundation-stone. But I was going to speak of our own state now; it is strange, is it not, that we have not a better system of government? In some countries it is different, because they are not prepared for it, and therefore do not so much deserve But the German is so well educated, so it. docile, and likes private life generally so much better than public, that not only is the nation well prepared for self-government, but also the ambition of individuals is little to be feared."

"This does seem strange, certainly," we replied,
"but then with you the influence of class is so
extensive as to be very pernicious. Grand
Dukes and Kings are here so numerous that
they become a class of nobility; and the consequence is, that they exercise their power in a
petty, arbitrary manner, unworthy of such a
nation as yours. Then, again, you have a prolific
nobility, very poor and very proud; so what
can you do with such ruling classes?"

"We tried to get rid of them once," said the German, with a smile.

"Yes, and unfortunately the right man did not appear to do it," was our observation; "besides which, how would you supplant them? You see how it is with us in England, our throne, our aristocracy, our middle class, our working class, all are as much regulated by custom as by law; there is nothing, indeed, even in the habits of society to define exactly the limitations between them. But still the system works very well altogether; and one class melts into another, and the members of one class join those of another, whilst the existence of the throne, and the manner in which it is respected, prevent too great personal ambition or popular tumult."

"Yes, and you want no gendarmes, no soldiers," said the German, "to keep you in order; and most thoughtful men amongst us would try to establish something like your system, if there was a change in ours; but during the last revolutions we were all too eager, too hot-headed. I was a very young man then, and felt like the rest, though I have travelled and thought a great deal since then, which has sobered me down, and made me more of a philosopher than a revolutionist."

"Did you take part yourself in any of the disturbances of that time?"

"Yes, I was at ——— when the revolution there broke out, and saw how it all happened. If you like, I will tell you about it."

We expressed a strong desire to hear the

circumstances which our fellow-traveller spoke of, upon which he gave us his account of the students' dinner.

"I don't think any of us," said he, after a careful look round the carriage, to see that nobody overheard him, "I don't think the gravest student amongst us had looked at a book for three months before the events I am about to tell you of, happened. Every one was in a state of terrible excitement, wondering what the coming news would be from Paris, from Lombardy, from Hungary, or elsewhere; wondering what our neighbours in the next state were intending to do, and whether or no we should find ourselves one of these days with tolerably familiar weapons in our hands, contending against the troops and gendarmes who occupied the place. Our excitement was just rising to the greatest pitch, when Hermann, one of our hottest heads, proposed that we should all dine together at a favourite tavern, ostensibly as a simple, social meeting, but really to celebrate

some advantage gained over the Austrian forces by the patriotic cause. There was many a young fellow who went to that meeting with a firm persuasion that something would come of it; and even when they first entered the diningroom, and before they had tasted wine, our students looked at each other, and then burst out into what they called a joyous cheer of welcome, but which was in reality a shout of triumph for the success of the popular cause.

"'Be moderate, my friends,' cried a voice, which I knew to be that of the fiery Hermann, 'we shall want all our strength and spirit for the effort that is to come to-night; if we sit down to our feast with calm and certain minds, we may rise from it victorious even before the battle.'

"There was one more cheer called for, however—a cheer for Hermann; and then all sat down in their places, the concealed arms of some of them rattling as they did so. Hermann sat in his place as chairman, looking the very picture of quiet enjoyment, and striking glasses with his friends as if it had been the most tranquil moment of his life. I was sitting on his right hand, and to me he whispered 'It would be better, I think, to bar the outer doors, for the gendarmes must have got scent of a meeting like this.' I went out with another man, whom I had beckoned to follow me, and securely fastened the doors; when we returned again, there was a deep silence in the room, and 'hush!' was whispered as we entered, for Hermann was speaking.

"'My friends,' he said, 'I have a toast to give you, to a name which we have all thought about, read about, and, what is better than all felt about; it is not to the name of any person dear to one of us in particular, but he amongst, us all who does not love it is a traitor, and ought to be cast out. I drink to the Fatherland!'

"Every one rose; and though, until now, all drinking, since the beginning of the dinner, had been done quietly, there was at this moment a burst of cheering which made the blows of the gendarmes, who had began battering at the door outside, quite inaudible. The door was strong, but we heard a smash, and the tall forms of two gendarmes appeared in the doorway.

- "I looked at Hermann, his face was a shade paler, but perfectly calm, he was the first to speak.
- "'By what right,' said he to the gendarmes, do you break in doors at night, and disturb those who are quietly dining together?'
- "'Our right, young man, is law, and might, too,' said one; 'our officer directed us to come in first and see if you would surrender peaceably; if not, he is outside with thirty men, and will soon reduce you to order.'
- "We were fifty or sixty, the élite of the university, and there were at least two hundred more students ready to join us. Hermann rose again on his feet, as if about to propose a toast; but instead of doing so, he simply said, in a

loud, clear voice, 'Comrades, to arms! take those intruders prisoners!'

"One of the gendarmes levelled his carbine at Hermann as he stood erect before him; but a young fellow who was near ran him through the arm with a foil before he could fire, so the gun dropped from his hand. Hermann now produced his pistols, and drawing his sword, called on us all to follow him: we made a rush at once into the street, and the gendarmes outside received us with a volley; but we had come upon them too suddenly, and only one of our number was wounded, whilst after our attack, nine or ten of the gendarmerie were lying dead or wounded in the street, and the rest fled as fast as they were able. Many more of the students and a number of the town's-people now collected around us, and we immediately raised a barricade of furniture and paving stones, and of whatever happened to be near.

"There was an armourer's shop also, which was ransacked, before we heard the near beat of

the drum, and the tramp of the soldiers up a rick street, leading to that in which we were. The head of their column presently appeared, and they began to form for the attack.

"At that moment, Hermann, by whose side I had remained said to me. 'Don't you hear a rumbling noise in the distance? I know they had some guns at the barracks, and they are bringing them in: I shall not wait for that, but give the word to fire.'

"He did so, and as those of the front line who fired, had all something to lean their pieces on, the voltey took terrible effect, and the soldiers retreated again under cover of the houses, down the side street; although their commander, who was a praye, hery man, being chaired by this repulse, would not wait for the guns, but formed his men again, and led them on against the barricade. The scene that followed was tremendous we fired—but the whole weight of the column, was now brought to hear upon us, and the troops somehow broke through the bar-

ricade, and were down amongst us, making the town's-people fly on all sides when they found themselves in personal collision with the formidable military. Our students, however, did not lose their presence of mind. I, for one, felt myself wounded, though I knew not where, but was still able to resist the blows aimed at me; whilst Hermann, who was bleeding from a wound in the temple, parried the thrust of a tall grenadier officer, and returned it in a way which brought his adversary to the ground. He even contrived to speak to me, and that as quietly as ever.

"'Let us get into the town-house,' he said, 'the gates, I know, are open, and we can shut them after us; our fellows, you see, are standing bravely against the soldiers, who can't get their numbers to tell in the narrow street.'

"Still fighting, for even at that moment a sword thrust was aimed at Hermann, which I parried; we passed the word as quietly as possible, 'Keep together, and get into the town-house.'

"The troops were baffled by our firm resistance, and could not well cope with our expert swordsmen hand to hand, whilst it was difficult for them to fire, lest they should injure each They let us, therefore, rally pretty quietly; but Hermann understood one of their reasons for doing so, and gave the word to scatter as soon as we had drawn off a few paces, and for all to make quickly for the town house. The order was a fortunate one, for at the moment we were scattering, the soldiers fired a volley, which would have proved fatal to many of us, had we remained a compact body; as it was, an old friend of mine fell dead at my side, whilst two others were killed, and more wounded.

"Notwithstanding this loss, we were still three hundred strong when we got under shelter, a few of the towns people having remained with us: and whilst our baffled assailants stood outside, looking at and examining our safe position, we fired a volley in amongst them, which considerably thinned their ranks. Another followed, and they now retired up the street.

"We took advantage of their retreat to rally more of the town's-people to us, and to obtain possession of the houses on the opposite side of the street; this completely baffled any attack, for it was impossible to bring guns to bear upon us, as the artillerymen must have been shot if they had approached near enough to place them in position.

"The town's-people now began to rally in the streets, and the commander of the garrison fore-seeing that he would be unable to force our position, and afraid of being overpowered, proposed a parley. On our part, we refused to listen to any conditions unless the troops first left the town, which they ultimately agreed to do; we guaranteeing that there should be no disorder, and no excesses committed. For several days the town was in our hands; but then the

government came to some sort of compromise with us, which, as the country at large consented to it, we were obliged to consent to also.

"You know what followed; troops began to pour in again, the contract was broken, and we were obliged to submit to the changes which took place, until we found ourselves once more under the old despotic rule, and most of us were obliged to fly for our lives to other lands."

"And what became of Hermann?"

"Hermann was seriously wounded in that night's work, and could not take part in our proceedings for some weeks afterwards; perhaps, if he could have done so, we should have acted more wisely, for most of us were fresh and inexperienced, whilst he, though young, had genius and great knowledge of the world.

"I went to him where he lay, and told him that we had made an arrangement with the government, and what its promises were.

- "'Then we are lost,' he said; 'this is handing over the country to worse than its former oppression.'
- "I told him how, from the general state of affairs, it would have been almost impossible to act differently.
- "' Better have died,' was his answer, 'for such a cause, than have given it over, bound to its enemies.'
- "I then explained to him all that we still hoped, and he excused us for what had been done from the purest of motives, but added, that we had better provide now for our safety, as the time would very soon come, when we should be hunted up as criminals.'
- "It did come, and all of us who had been leaders of the movement, all, at least, who could, had to escape as best they might."
 - "And what became of Hermann?"
- "He recovered from his wounds, but would stay on to the last; I stayed with him, and as

THE STUDENTS' DINNER.

332

the gendarmes entered at one door, we effected our retreat through another, and, after many perilous adventures, escaped."

THE LAST CHAPTER.

It was home—home again; but as we began to float back through calm waters, we began also to retrace our past journey, and almost forgot that we were bound for England; for our fancies had returned once more to the sunny islands of the Mediterranean, and to the purple and golden blossoms which swarmed by the Alban lake, and to the depths of those olive woods in which we had watched the peasant on his mule, winding up the mountain road, and to the gardens and palaces of Florence, and to the lonely shades of Vallombrosa.

Very great indeed is the mistake of those who think that a journey is not to be remembered because many others have passed over the same road as themselves.

Is man, indeed, so dependent for enjoyment upon his exclusive right to some portion of the world, that he must suck the honey of that garden all alone, and never enjoy himself whilst mingling with the hive?

The thoughtful man finds that should he, either in city or in country, take his saunter every day over the same ground as all his neighbours are doing, that there is always something fresh for him to enjoy and remember; how much more, then, should this be the case when distant countries are visited, when the most famous spots in history become familiar scenes, and when art, in its widest development, is every day before the eye?

Kind nature whispers to us in its sweet breeze, in the murmur of its blue waters, and in the fragrance of its bright blossoms, that we may find enjoyment amongst yonder seas and mountains, and places of the past, even though the civilized and the uncivilized should have been there before us.

We may even enjoy all the more what we have seen by being able to recall to others from some point of view different from that from which they have looked at it, what they themselves have also met with; and one who was not our companion may almost seem to have been so, if we can talk to him about the places that both saw, the people that both met, and the observations different, though explaining each other, that both made.

The voice of life more often calls us onward, but it is sometimes pleasant to look back on never-to-be-forgotten scenes, to travel over wellremembered paths again, and to retrace former footsteps.

Let us return, then, to our now finished journey. And in doing so we again find ourselves amongst spots full of southern beauty, of classical associations, and of various phases of art—yes, especially of art, for was not painting a living a long history to us when we were in the south?

Those were brave, enthusiastic days, the days of early Italian painting. The shepherd-boy then left his flocks amongst the hills, and wandered away to towns, bearing with him the fruit of his meditations. The noble quitted his hereditary castle, that he also might add his name to the greatest amongst the workers in stone, or the painters on canvas.

The monk caught the enthusiasm, and his eye gleamed brightly under the shadow of his cowl, whilst he was tracing immortal lines on the walls of monasteries and churches. The soldier laid aside his sword and took up the brush,—his martial fervour giving intensity to his present fancies. Religion countenanced, even in a dark age, the spread of the noblest

feelings of art. War did not destroy—revolutions did not efface them. Nothing but a penury of genius seemed at last to arrest their course.

Cimabue keeping his flocks amongst the Apennines, and thence, from those starry mountains, drawing his simple inspirations, seems to us a noble type of the early Italian school, so full of high aspiration, so musical in its clear and holy beauty, solitary and distinct, as it were, in each soul that it governed, and yet grand, calm, and united in the whole, like the rosy peaks of the mountains looking through the golden oriel of morning, all separate, yet, by a flood of rising light, linked gloriously together.

Cimabue, in his solitudes, was like the spirit of art which barbarian inroads had driven from the cities of men, but which still dwelt with its Mother Nature, and still lingered round the lonely watch-tower of the mountains, and marked the waving of the forest, and listened to the cataract's cry.

With Cimabue Art descended from the mountains, and dwelt gloriously in church and palace, and from them she has not again been exiled. But we must leave the past of travel behind us, for the moment of farewell comes not indeed to friends gathered about the pier, not to familiar and cherished scenes, for with the city of Hamburgh our associations are few indeed; but this seems like another farewell to those whom we have left in Rome, in Florence, amongst the Swiss mountains, or beside the broad Danube; and our thoughts and memories, therefore, are for them; they are also for the well-known picture. for the church, or the palace-garden, that we so often looked upon, for the Alpenstock, for the gondola, and for the very passport that has always troubled us .- Yes, at this moment even, cur passport is almost reverenced; and forgetting the pains and penalties that it has at times entailed upon us, we look fondly at the names of places written upon it, and recall the thoughts that belong to them.

But there is a moment of exultation also; no more, we say, will any smoke-dried official turn over, scrutinisingly, that precious document, and examine it as if all wisdom and knowledge were to be found therein. No more shall we put it away with great care, and afterwards hunt for it in vain in all our pockets; for that paper has no longer any virtue, and were it not for the more remote advantages of preserving it, we might, without fear, consign it at once to a watery grave.

We are out of the Elbe, and are at home, since we are on the seas; for are not the waters the home of every Englishman? and have not mountains, rivers, and seas written the world's history? The relations of man to man depend inevitably upon those of nature to nature. The mountain fastnesses of the Swiss are a stronger

security for his freedom than the most solemnparchments could give him; and on the island shores of England every port which shelters the tall masts of our ships is a fresh title to their empire of the waves.

THE END.

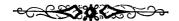
J. Billing, Printer, Guildford, Surrey.

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

MR. NEWBY.

30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.



In 2 Vols. post 8vo. 21s.

NAPLES,

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

- "The pictures are as lively and bright as the colours and climate they reflect."—Spectator.
 - "It is a rapid, clear historical sketch."—Advertiser.
 - "The author has done good service to society."—Court Circular.
- "Lord B. is a shrewd observer and a pleasant writer, and no one can rise from his volumes without a better knowledge of Naples."—Critic.
 - "The subject is one of European interest."-Illustrated Times.
- "A book of greater interest has not come under our notice for many years."—Guardian.
- "It is without doubt one of the most captivating books that has ately issued from the press."—Express.
- "We have not met with a more sprightly and varied book on the Neapolitan Kingdom than the volumes before us, which are decidedly deserving of public attention."—Globe.
 - "The work has the rare merit of never wearying the reader."—The Field.
- "We strongly recommend the Members of both Houses of Parliament to read this very impartial, very clever, and very instructive book upon a subject that will be sure to engross their attention in the coming session."

In 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.

PHANTASMATA.

BY

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ., F.R.C.S.

Author of 'The Life of Savonarola,' 'Life of Lady Blessington,' 'Travels in the East,' &c.

In 1 Vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE PLEASURE PATHS OF TRAVEL.

BY

EDWARD FOX, ESQ.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo, 21s.

TRAVELS IN BOHEMIA.

MORAVIA, SILESIA, THE LAKES OF UPPER AUSTRIA, THE SAXON HIGHLANDS, AND THE NORIC ALPS.

BY

AN OLD TRAVELLER.

In 1 Vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

SUNDAY-THE REST OF LABOUR.

"This important subject is discussed ably and temperately; and though many differences will arise in the minds of some of our clergy, as well as some pious laymen, the book should be added to every man's library."—

Beruki.

"Written by a churchman, who is evidently a man with deep and sincere religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and will have a core religious feeling—his book is temperately written and written and

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. 21s.

MYTHS,

TRACED TO THEIR ORIGINAL SOURCE THROUGH LANGUAGE.

- "Mr. Kavanagh's theory is ingenious, and the working out of it will interest and amuse."—Examiner.
- "This work evidences deep research, originality of conception, and a praiseworthy disposition to detect error and establish truth. Many of the author's conclusions are clearly expressed, and his arguments are ingenious and well timed."—Morning Post.
- "An earnest endeavour made by a man who evidently possesses no ordinary amount of learning."—Critic.

2s. 6d.

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADES,

FOR ACTING.

BY

C. WARREN ADAMS, ESO.

"A valuable addition to christmas diversions; we advise our young readers to purchase it."—Guardian.

In 2 Vols. 21s, cloth.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY

CAPTAIN MEDWIN,

AUTHOR OF 'CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.'

- "This book must be read by every one interested in literature."—
 Morning Post.
- "A complete life of Shelley was a desideratum in literature, and there was no man so competent as Captain Medwin to supply it."—Inquirer.
 - "The book is sure of exciting much discussion."-Literary Gazette.

n de la companya de l

STORTED TO THE CONTROL OF STREET STORE OF STREET ST

Communication of the Communica

- 3 more was asserted to the second and animal.

Complete in 3 Vols. £2 14s.

A CATHOLIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY

W. B. MACCABE, ESQ.

The Times says: "Mr. Maccabe's mode of composition is as novel as his plan. Sacrificing ordinary literary pride, he makes the old Monkish writers compose the narrative; his ingenuity being displayed in the skill with which the passages translated directly from the original, with all their natural vigour of language, are connected, so as to produce an appearance of oneness of design and continuity. He then fuses into one whole centuries of observation and narrative, and in fact, revives those dead monks and scribes till they write his book. The plan is not only new, but it was in all respects necessary, as the reader will find if he compare the garbled and inaccurate versions given by Hume and some other writers, with the original statements of the same events incorporated in these pages. He will also be better able to understand, when this universality of authorities is explained, why the book should be called a 'Catholic History.' The work is of great literary value."

- "It will not be without its charms for the scholar and the philosopher; it may become a text-book for bibliopolists, and be welcomed by the 'Camden,' the 'Archeological,' and other learned Societies of the day. The book contains a vast amount of interesting information."—Morning Herald.
- "There are gems of quiet and holy beauty scattered throughout the volumes, and which elucidate with wonderful charms the great piety of our Saxon forefathers. No Catholic library should be without this valuable work.—Dolman's Magazine
- "A noble task is here imposed upon himself by the author, which he has nobly fulfilled. It is a complete novelty in historical literature." Dublin Review.
- "A work of importance to the scholar, and the critic, the poet, and the professional reader. His production is the result of grave habits of disinterestedness, of retirement, of devotion, and of study."—Observer.
- "Mr. Maccabe's undertaking has obtained the approbation of critics of every shade of opinion, religious and political. The Catholic History will be found indispensable to every student of our early English history."—Daily News.
 - "It deserves great encouragement."—Economist.
- "As a contribution to our historical literature, and to the honest student of history, this work will be found of inestimable value. No historical library can for the future be complete without it."—Morning Post. 4

In 2 Vols. places, 29s.

LIFE OF SAVONAROLA.

ET

DR. MABDEN,

AUTHOR OF TRAVELS IN THE EAST. &c.

- "Dr. Madden's book will be a welcome one to English readers. The materials collected are rich and interesting."—Atheneus.
- "In Matthen's researches have been indefatigable, and the masterials amanged, many of them from rure sources, are of a most varied and interesting character."—Freeman's Journal.
- "Madden discourses with great learning, and the result is a Life of Savonarola, which gives us a far more complete view of his character and his writings than has heretofore been attempted."—Notes and Queries.
- "Dr. Madden displays throughout the work a high purpose, a generous sympathy with outraged justice, truth, and piety."—Morning Herald.
- "The task is performed with great research, with entire honesty, and much ability."—Illusyono Herald.
- "We are thankful for the strennous advocacy of the truth which these volumes contains,"-Toils Magizine.
- "We acknowledge the mass of most valuable information which the anthon has compiled upon the subject."—The Nation.
- "We esteem this book as a valuable addition to our biographical and historical literature, as a work of patient study and immense reading, and as a powerful aid to the cause of truth."—Noncomformist.
 - "All lovers of truth are deeply indebted to Dr. Madden."-Evening Post
 - "Written in a large and liberal spirit."-The Advocate.
- "The most complete work yet offered to a subject of very striking historical importance."—Examiner.

In 1 Vol. 8vo. with Map.

THE HISTORY OF THE BERMUDAS.

ВY

8. F. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

7s. 6d.

THE BIBLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WITH REMARKS ON THE LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, AND SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

"The Biblical reader will find this one of the most valuable aids yet presented to the public."—Guardian.

In 1 Vol. fcap. 8vo. 5s. (this day.)

ANIMAL MAGNETISM & SOMNAMBULISM.

BY THE SOMNAMBULE.

ADOLPHE DIDIER.

"Those who have a desire to become acquainted with this new science, as it is called, cannot do better than consult its pages"—Morning Post.

"This treatise of M. Didier's represents well the actual state of mesmeric science and art."—Literary Gazette.

In 2 Vols. 21s. (this day)

CALIFORNIA;

ITS GOLD AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY

SIR HENRY HUNTLEY,

AUTHOR OF 'SEVEN YEARS ON THE SLAVE COAST,' &c.

In 2 Vols. demy 8vo. 30s. cloth.

With numerous plates.

THE SHRINES AND SEPULCHRES OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY

R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"Mr. Madden's work displays both extensive reading and extensive travel. He has been a pilgrim in many lands, and seems to have made use of his eyes and cars."—Athenœum.

"To the antiquarian and moralist, the archæologist and student of the sacred volume, these volumes must prove a treasury of most recondite erudition." -Telegraph.

"1)r. Madden evinces the research of a true helluo librorum."—Freeman's Journal.

"These are erudite, curious, and most agreeable volumes." - Warder.

"The historical student will find it of rare interest."—The Nation.

In 3 Vols. demy 8vo. 42s.

THE HISTORY OF THE PAPAL STATES.

BY

JOHN MILEY, D. D.

AUTHOR OF "ROME UNDER PAGANISM AND THE POPES."

"Dr. Miley supports his positions with a plenitude and profundity of learning, a force and massive power of reasoning, a perspicuity of logical prowess, and a felicity of illustration rarely met in combined existence amongst historians of any age."—Morning Post.

"Illustrated by profound learning, deep thought, refined tarte, and great sagacity."—Dublin Review.

va no hesitation in recommending these volumes as charac-saming, eloquence, and original research."—Daily News.

In 1 Vol. 4t). 21s. Second Edition.

Illustrated with fifty-four subjects by George Scharf, Junr.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GREEKS.

BY

THEODORE PANOFKA, OF BERLIN.

The Times says: "This new publication may be added to a series of works which honorably characterize the present age, infusing a knowledge of things into a branch of learning which too often consisted of a knowledge of mere words, and furnishing the general student with information which was once exclusively confined to the professed archæologist. As a last commendation to this elegant book, let us add that it touches on no point that can exclude it from the hands of youth."

"It will excellently prepare the student for the uses of the vases in the British Museum."—Spectator.

"Great pains, fine taste, and large expense are evident. It does infinite credit to the enterprising publisher."—Literary Gazette.

In 1 Vol. 7s. 6d.

PERILS, PASTIMES. AND PLEASURES OF AN EMIGRANT.

BY

A SYDNEY SURGEON.

"We have read many books upon emigration, especially to Australia, but we are not aware that there is any book from which so much inorm ation can be gained in so small a compass as in this lively and amusing work."—Morning Herald.

- "Full of useful information to emigrants."—Naval and Military Gazette.
- "The author is an intelligent man."-Examiner.

In 2 Vols post 8vo. 21s.

SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE ON THE SLAVE COAST OF AFRICA.

RY

SIR HENRY HUNTLEY.

"The author's views of the Slave Trade and its results are borne out by the facts which have b en adduced. We could fill our pages with the horrors which stare us in the face almost in every page of his book."—Naval and Military Gazette.

In 2 Vols. demy 8vo. 30s.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND:

OR, ANALOGIES AND CONTRASTS BETWEEN FRANCE
AND ENGLAND.

BY

GENERAL HENNINGSEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE REVELATIONS OF RUSSIA."

"Of all the books that have ever been presented to the public with respect to France, there has never been one approaching the interest and information contained in these volumes. Every English library, and every book-club should possess the work."—Athenœum. (Boston.)

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE CAPE.

OR, PAST AND FUTURE EMIGRATION.

RY

LIEUT-COLONEL NAPIER:

volume containing a large mass of important information." ag Herald. In 1 Vol. 8vo.

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN MUSIC OF WESTERN EUROPE,

FROM THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA
TO THE PRESENT DAY.

WITH EXAMPLES AND AN APPENDIX EXPLANATORY OF THE THEORY OF THE ANCIENT GREEK MUSIC.

BY G. R. KIESWITTER,

With Notes hy R. Muller.

"Herr Kieswitter writes clearly because he sees clearly."—Athenœum.

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

CIRCASSIA;

OR, A TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

BY

C. T. DITSON, ESQ.

- "Gives us a number of glimpses at count ies not in the common track of tourists."—Literary Gazette.
- "Mr. Ditson has embraced in his actual survey all that the ancient poets fixed as the boundary of the ancient world, and more."—Spectator.

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

EASTERN EUROPE.

RY

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE REVELATIONS OF RUSSIA."

- "The author has command of information, as well diplomatic as local and personal. It is powerfully written, and is a very able and attractive book."—Examiner.
- "These volumes should be on the table of every one who hates oppression and despises wrong. The author is a benefactor of the human race."—Observer.



In 1 Vol. demy 8vo. 12s.

PORTING FACTS & SPORTING FANCIES.

BY

HARRY HIEOVER,

AUTHOR OF 'STABLE TALK & TABLE TALK,' 'THE POCKET & THE STUD,'
'THE HUNTING FIELD,' &c.

"This work will make a valuable and interesting addition to the sportsman's library."—Bell's Life.

"In addition to the immense mass of practical and useful information with which this work abounds, there is a refreshing buoyancy and dash about the style, which makes it as attractive and fascinating as the pages of the renowned Nimrod himself."—Dispatch.

"It contains graphic sketches of celebrated sporting characters."—Sunday Times.

5s. with Plates.

PROPER CONDITION FOR ALL HORSES.

"It should be in the hands of all owners of horses." -Bell's Life.

"A work which every owner of a horse will do well to consult."—
Morning Herald

"Every man who is about purchasing a horse, whether it be hunter, riding horse, lady's palfrey, or cart-horse, will do well to make himself acquainted with the contents of this book."—Sporting Magazine.

48.

BIPEDS AND QUADRUPEDS.

BY

HARRY HIEOVER.

"We recommend this little volume for the humanity towards quadrupeds it advocates, and the proper treatment of them that it inculcates."—Bell's Life.

In 2 Vols. demy 8vo. 21s.

MILITARY ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION OF FRANCE.

BY

CAPTAIN THACKERAY.

"It presents a full and clear account, derived from official sources of information. There is much in every department of the service in which the practical wisdom and experience of the French authorities might be usefully made available in England."—Literary Gazette.

In 3 Vols. 31s. 6d.

DARK SCENES OF HISTORY.

RY

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

- "A book to be liked by the old and prized by the young."-Morning Herald.
- "Worthy of the author's great popularity."-Literary Gazette.
- "Will profit and please readers of all tastes and ages."-Critic.

In 1 Vol. with Map, 7s. 6d.

PANSLAVISM AND GERMANISM.

BY

COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI.

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

SCENES FROM ITALIAN LIFE.

BY

L. MARIOTTI,

AUTHOR OF 'ITALY: PAST AND PRESENT.'

"A master-piece of bold delineation."—Daily News.

"Mariotti is one of the most eloquent among the literary notabilities of the day."—Weekly News.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. 21s.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

BY

WILLIAM PEAKE, ESQ.

"It has great historic value, and likely to be valuable for references."— Daily News.

"It presents by far the best view that has yet appeared of Austria."—Naval and Military Gazette.

In 1 Vol. 14s.

THE AGE OF PIT AND FOX.

RY

THE AUTHOR OF 'IRELAND AND ITS RULERS.'

The Times says: "We may safely prononne it to be the best text-book that we have yet seen of the age which it professes to describe."

"It is a noble work." - Quarterly Review.

"It is a powerful piece of writing."-Spectator.

2 Volumes bound in one 15s,

SUPERNATURAL ILLUSIONS.

BY

MAJOR BEGBIE.

- "The book abounds with anecdotes, and those who are seeking for illustrative instances of the darkness of ancient superstition, will find no little congenial matter."—Daily News.
 - "It is full of amusement."-Morning Post.
 - "It opens a new vein in the mine of popular superstition."-Weekly News.

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. 21s.

TALVI'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

EDITED BY

W. HAZLITT, ESQ.

- "It must have an interest for every European people, and for Englishmen above them all. The style is fresh and vigorous, and the narrative full and clear."—Daily News.
- "This is the most complete history and mighty developement of the principle of colonization which the world has yet seen."—Morning Advertiser.

In 1 Vol. with Plates, 10s. 6d.

EXMOOR;

OR, THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. HUBERT IN THE WEST.

MAJOR HERBEBT HALL,

- "Major Hall has a real knowledge of what he writes about, a healthy eye for Nature and her works."—Examiner.
- "Major Hall writes as Gainsborough painted, faithfully, richly, and profusely."—Bell's Life.
 - "A lively and gossiping narrative."-Athenœum.

In 1 Vol. 8vo. with Fourteen Plates.

SIX WEEKS IN CORSICA.

BY

WILLIAM COWEN, ESQ.

"In every respect the book is valuable and interesting."-MorningHerald.

"Mr Cowen gives us abundant anecdotes of the Corsicans."-Atlas.

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

THE NEW ZEALAND QUESTION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE ABORIGINES.

BY

L. CHOMERORZOW.

Fourth Edition, 4s.

THE BEE-KEEPER'S GUIDE.

BY

J. H. PAYNE, ESQ.

The best and most concise treatise on the management of bees."-Quarterly Review.

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF JUDAH.

BY

LADY CHATTERTON.

No Protestant family should be without this excellent work."-New Quarterly Review.

5 B

In 1 Vol. 5s.

CONRADIN;

AND OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BT

MRS. BUSK,

AUTHOR OF 'HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL'

"One of the best works for children to gain an insight into the characters of Indian great men that can be procured."—Evening Post.

In 1 Vol. 7s. 6d.

ON SEX IN THE WORLD TO COME.

BY

THE REV. G. HOUGHTON, A.M.

"A peculiar subject: but a subject of great interest: and in this volume is treated in a masterly style. The language is surpassingly good, showing the author to be a learned and thoughtful man."—New Quarterly Review.

Fifth Edition, in 3 Vols. 31s. 6d.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE

Illustrated with Seventy Plates by Cruikshank.

"The very name of the Bastile is sufficient to warrant readers to expect scenes of stirring interest, and they will not be dissappointed, for more harrowing scenes cannot well be imagined than in these truthful horrors of the Bastile."—New Quarterly Review.

5s., with plates.

INTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF DUNS.

In 1 Vol. 9s.

FROM BABYLON TO JERUSALEM.

BY THE

COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.

"This book is neither more or less than the life of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, a lady of great literary celebrity, and the history of her conversation from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism: it will be read with deep interest."—Evening Post

In 1 Vol. 7s. 6d.,

FROM JERUSALEM;

BEING A CONTINUATION OF "FROM BARYLON TO JERUSALEM."

BY THE

COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.

5s.

HINTS ON HUSBAND CATCHING.

BY THE

HON. G. D. O.

"The author who teaches young ladies how to become husband trappers, can be no ordinary person, and in sooth the author of this work possesses no common mind or attainments. The dignity and eloquence of a sage speak forth from its robe of fun."—Atlas.

58.

THE EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN.

EDITED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BLEAK HOUSE," "PICKWICK," &c.

In 3 Vols. 31s. 6d.

THE PASTORS IN THE WILDERNESS.

A HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS FROM THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES TO THE DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

BY

N. PFYRAT.

"Every Protestant clergyman, in fact Protestants of every denomination should read this book. It lays bare the iniquities of the Romish Church, its cruelties, its blasphemies—a never changing church, which now, as formerly, only wants the power to repeat the barbarities of other times."—Evening Post.

5s.

HYACINTHE.

BY

MRS. GREY,

AUTHOR OF 'THE GAMBLER'S WIFE'

"We can safely recommend the teachers of youth to give this charming little volume to their pupils."—Morning Post.

58.

ALICE SEYMOUR.

BY

MRS. GREY.

"A valuable present from a mother to her children."-Morning Chronicle.

In 2 Vols. 21s.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

Beautifully Illustrated.

BROOKLANDS.

A SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

BY

HERBERT BYNG HALL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF 'HIGHLAND SPORTS,' 'EXMOOR,' &c.

In 1 Vol. with Maps, 7s. 6d.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF HUNGARY.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE REVELATIONS OF RUSSIA.'

In 1 Vol. 12s

ALGERIA-PAST AND PRESENT.

BY

J. BLOFIED, ESQ.

In 2 Vols. 21s., with Portrait.

PIUS THE NINTH.

RY

COUNT DE LIANCOURT.

5s. Beautifully Illustrated.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

- "Worthy of Charles Dickens in his happiest moments."-Standard.
- "The tale carries with it an excellent moral."-Literary Gazette.
- "In power of description the author equals Dickens."—Dispatch.

58.

LETTERS ON THE RECENT POLITICS OF SWITZERLAND.

By GEORGE GROTE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF 'A HISTORY OF GREECE.'

In 2 Vols. 16s.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES. By LIEUT-COLONEL CAPADOSE.

In One Vol. 7s. 6d.

MALCOLM DALBRACKEN; . Or, The Erie Laird.

BEING THE ONLY AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE PERSON SO-CALLED BY TRADITION IN SCOTLAND.

' In 1 Vol. 20s. 6d.

THE LIVING AUTHORS OF AMERICA.

In 1 Vol. 5s.

THE

APHORISMS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

In 1 Vol. 2s. 6d.

THE CONQUERORS OF LAHORE.

AN ODE.

By EDMUND PEEL, ESQ.

"The relatives and friends of the conquerors of Lahore will be grateful for this little work."-Morning Post.

5s.

THE EARL OF GOWRIE.

A PLAY, BY

REV. JAMES WHITE.

2s. 6d.

JUSTITIA.

A TRAGEDY, BY

GEORGE BENNETT, ESQ.

2s. 6d.

JOHN SAVILLE OF HAYSTED.

A PLAY, BY

REV. JAMES WHITE.

2s. 6d.

THE KING OF THE COMMONS.

A PLAY, BY

REV. JAMES WHITE.

In 1 Vol. 6s.

NAN DARRELL.

A NOVEL, BY

ELLEN PICKERING.

2s. 6d.

NEVILE HOWARD.

A POEM.

In 1 Vol. 7s. 6d.

THE BEAUTIES OF ISAAC BARROW.

In 1 Vol. 7s. 6d.

THE BEAUTIES OF JEREMY TAYLOR.

"No family should be without this charming selection of the works of Jeremy Taylor."—Examiner.

. 1

•



